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The Shape of Things

NO MATTER WHAT MAY HAPPEN AT LAKE Success, the issue of partition is being settled day by day in Palestine itself. Throughout most of the Jewish area, partition is a fact. Jewish organs of government are functioning, and the Haganah is in effective control. The capture of Haifa and much of the surrounding area has provided the Jews with a stronghold of immense importance as the British move their troops out. In the face of these accomplishments, the Americans continue to push their trusteeship plan on a reluctant Assembly. The effect of our betrayal of partition has been devastating. Last week, Sir Carl Berensen expressed with bitter eloquence the deep dismay of those delegates who in good faith voted for partition last November. He pointed out the obvious consequences that would follow if the United Nations allowed itself to be blackmailed by Arab violence, and the certainty that as much force would be required to carry through trusteeship as partition. Backing up New Zealand's stand, the Australian delegation introduced a resolution proposing that the General Assembly request the Palestine Commission to proceed immediately with the implementation of the resolution of November 29. This move deserves the full support of Americans who share our belief that recent State Department maneuvers mean not only the total abandonment of a Jewish Palestine but a fatal blow to the United Nations. Meanwhile, the United States is mobilizing all its power behind the trusteeship scheme, even to the point of promising to send troops if the U. N. sets up an international police force. The President's indication that he will do this, even without Congressional approval, provides a striking contrast with our stiff opposition to the use of force to implement partition. Apparently, we are ready to return to the old days when the marines carried our policy into the remoter corners of Latin America.

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JUDGING FROM SENATOR TAFT'S REMARKS concerning the renomination of David Lilienthal as head of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Republicans not only anticipate victory in November but are already dreaming of the spoils. "I'm inclined to think," Mr. Taft has said, "the Senate will look very critically at any nomination for terms that run beyond the present Presi-

dential tenure." Thus, after sixteen years of Democratic government in which top posts have gone to Republicans like Stimson, Ickes, and Knox, we shall, if the G. O. P. wins the election, return to a strict system of party patronage. The Senator told newsmen on the "Meet the Press" radio program that he still opposes Lilienthal personally, having found no reason to change the views set forth during the original debate on confirmation. But the essence of his objections then was purely political—that Lilienthal was a "New Dealer." Taft's opposition is only part of a concerted campaign to undo the Senate's approval of the commission personnel. Senator Knowland's effort to subject the commission to FBI investigation at this late date is another skirmish in the same battle. So is Senator Wherry's move to scrap the commission altogether. The objective now is what it has always been: to turn atomic energy over to the military if possible; and if not, to put it in the hands of civilians who will see that its peace-time applications are farmed out for gradual development at private profit rather than speedily developed in the public interest. Lilienthal, who next to George Norris most surely personifies the TVA, is hardly the man to effect this purpose. Hence the implacable drive to get rid of him.

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W. AVERELL HARRIMAN WAS NO DOUBT A logical choice as "roving ambassador" for the newly launched Economic Cooperation Administration. Having served as ambassador in Moscow and London, he knows Europe well and knows the requirements of diplomacy. As the retiring Secretary of Commerce, he presumably has in mind a complete picture of American business, and his background in investment banking should enable him to deal authoritatively with the financial operations involved in applying the Marshall Plan. Above all, Harriman served as chairman of the President's Committee on Foreign Aid which drafted the basic program for European recovery enacted by Congress. That committee stressed the undesirability of insisting upon "free enterprise" as a condition for granting E. R. P. assistance, as Harold Stassen, among others, has proposed. It also emphasized the importance of reviving trade between Eastern and Western Europe, and Mr. Harriman, on accepting his new appointment, repeated his views on this crucial aspect of the program. Recognizing his obvious qualifications for the post, we are nevertheless con-

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cerned about the exclusively "big-business" complexion that the E. C. A. is taking on. Besides Hoffman and Harriman, the post of Acting General Counsel has been given to Alex Henderson, a Wall Street lawyer. When the President appoints a deputy administrator, we hope he will have in mind the necessity for balance. He could do far worse than to recall that another distinguished and extremely valuable member of his Foreign Aid committee was former Senator Robert M. La Follette.

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THE SHOCKING CRIME THAT ALMOST COST the valuable life of Walter Reuther has inevitably provided a field day for sensation-mongering politicians as well as amateur sleuths. Reuther's long fight against the Communists in the automobile workers' union creates the danger that police authorities, as a group of Detroit citizens has already charged, will divert "this criminal investigation into a witch-hunt." On the basis of no evidence whatever, Representative McDowell of Pennsylvania has proposed to his fellow-members of the Committee on Un-American Activities that "[we] immediately concern ourselves with the Communist situation in the entire Detroit area." Both Reuther and the American consul at Windsor, he said, had been fighting communism, and both have been the "target of assassins." Reuther's enemies cover a wide range. Besides the Communists, they are to be found in management, in unions like the Farm Equipment and the Electrical Workers, with both of which the U. A. W. has been engaged in jurisdictional battles, in the ranks of those who lost union jobs when the Reuther forces swept into control, and among the host of cranks who attach themselves to people of prominence in any field. The last category would seem to be the most promising for the authorities to explore. The idea that management would have had a hand in the crime is almost too fantastic to entertain. But the political angle is hardly less so. There are figures in the labor and political worlds who are far more dangerous to the Communists than Reuther ever was—and they walk the streets in safety. The gamble involved in a political plot would be too overwhelming for the dubiousness of the return, involving perhaps the destruction of the party. Without further speculation we can only say that Mr. Reuther, who has written for this magazine and for whom we have high regard, has our sincerest wishes for a swift recovery.

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WHEN THE TAFT-ELLENDER-WAGNER BILL went through the Senate the first time, with the names in reverse order, a good many Americans thought we had taken the first national step toward solving our worst domestic problem, the housing shortage. They were wrong. The bill was stifled in Representative Wolcott's House Banking Committee, and left for dead. Now, two

years later, having been resurrected by a vote-conscious Senate, and having survived a vicious tory attempt at emasculation of its public-housing provisions, the T.-E.-W. bill goes to the House for another try. Mr. Wolcott has promised that he will not bar its passage again. None the less, the powerful anti-housing lobbies have found new adherents since 1946. The Senate vote revealed that the Southern Democrats, who have always favored housing legislation, are quietly changing their stand because they fear increased public housing would chip away at the walls of racial segregation. And there are Congressional advocates of Harold Stassen's "poorhouse" housing scheme. Stassen, who professes to be a liberal, would build houses only for the upper-income groups and grant rent relief for the indigent; anyone between must shift for himself. This being an election year, however, the bill may pass. Still, it faces the great danger of being loaded with booby-trap amendments thrown in at the last moment by Congressmen who want to make sure that it will fail in practice. The "poorhouse" provisions would be one such snare; an amendment forcing the cities to help underwrite the program would be another. The bill is only a first step, to be sure, but it is a vital one. Should our elected representatives smother it again, or effectively cripple it, they will have only themselves to blame if, in November, they are elected out.

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A PECULIAR BY-PRODUCT OF THE RECENT coal strike, dealt with elsewhere in these pages, was Speaker Joseph W. Martin's abortive bid for the Republican Presidential nomination. Of all possible candidates, Mr. Martin is assuredly the most plodding, the most routine, the least imaginative. For all his twenty-four years in the House of Representatives, not a single important bill carries his name; and in no phase of legislation is he regarded as an expert. Yet such is the potency of the Presidential bug that even Joe Martin was moved to try a circus stunt in order to get his name before the voters. So it was that the candidate, whom even Herbert Hoover regarded as "safe," went courting John L. Lewis, bearing the Taft-Hartley act as an offering. At a moment when the miners' leader was in contempt of court and a Democratic Administration was seeking to have him punished, Republican Speaker Martin and Republican Senator Bridges negotiated a deal whereby it was hoped that Lewis would get out of a bad hole and Martin would go to the White House. At first, the coup was hailed in Congress. Extolled by his colleagues and flushed with victory, Martin offered to dispose of the Russian problem by a similar chat with Stalin. Then it dawned on the G. O. P. leaders that their Speaker had done them wrong. In the first place, the coal operators loudly resented being sacrificed on the altar of Martin's ambitions. More important, a Democratic Administration that had fought the

Taft-Hartley bill was revealed as bravely upholding the Taft-Hartley law, while the Republicans who had put it on the books were shown taking the lead in its circumvention. The Speaker should never have spoken.

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THE END OF THE FIVE-CENT FARE ON THE New York City subways deprives politicians of a political issue which for years has stood them in as good stead as the protective tariff in national politics. Candidates good, bad, and indifferent have fought and died in defense of this institution. Even reformers like LaGuardia, hard pressed to find the means to finance a modern city government with the limited resources at the disposal of municipal taxation, have hesitated to lay hands on this ark of the covenant. The fare was fixed at five cents when cigars still could be had at a nickel; there it has stayed ever since. One might make a respectable argument in favor of subsidizing the transportation of the common citizen; the argument became something more than academic, however, when as a practical matter it was discovered that the subsidy was being paid by sub-standard wages for transport workers and insufficient salaries for teachers and other city employees. The city has had to resort to sales taxes, recognized by every progressive economist as an impost on the poor; its budget has not been able to include badly needed schools and hospitals. More of a share of state taxes, refused by Governor Dewey and a Republican legislature, would have helped. Nevertheless, a subsidized transit system laid an inevitable burden on the citizens of New York. It may be that now the question is at last decided, attention may be directed to a kind of city planning which will make it possible for more people to walk to their work.

Prospects in Italy

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

ALREADY, Italy recedes into the background. Premier de Gasperi is busy building his Cabinet, and lesser groups are jockeying for position. The left is counting its losses and planning future strategy. One can almost say that Italy is back to normal—an anxious, unstable normal—after running one of the highest fevers in political history.

The real effect of the election will not be evident for some time. Hopeful liberals like Stewart Alsop, writing from Rome in the *New York Herald Tribune*, point out that the defeat of the left was not accompanied by any increase in the neo-Fascist vote, and that the moderate men in control of the government can therefore get ahead with the essential job of "winning over the pro-Communists." This is one of those partial, wishful interpretations

that gloss over unpleasant truth. Certainly, as Mr. Alsop says, the "great majority of the non-Communist vote went to the parties of the center"; but does he believe that Italy's Fascists and clerical reactionaries were, by the act of voting for the Christian Democrats, mystically converted to liberalism? What happened was that they flocked to the De Gasperi standard to insure the defeat of the left. The Fascist parties disappeared into the party of the church, and there they will serve as a potent weight against the social reforms the Prime Minister has promised.

On the other hand, Del Vayo may be unduly pessimistic in assuming (see page 470) that the left, disunited and defeated, will have little or no influence. The Saragat Socialists alone would of course be helpless and inevitably become face-savers for reaction. But will they remain alone? To kill nationalization and cancel such reforms as have been enacted, the government would have to lean on its Fascist and neo-Fascist allies, using strong measures of repression against the labor organizations and the left parties. Del Vayo's belief that the government's absolute majority in Parliament will incline it to do just that may be correct. Whatever the political inclinations of De Gasperi, he is the creature of the Vatican and the State Department and will not stray far from the path they lay out for him; and there is nothing in the record of either to suggest that that path will veer very far to the left. But the argument that a reactionary policy in Rome will further weaken the Socialists seems to me less convincing. It may have the contrary effect. A retreat from social reform, covered by repression, with increased clerical domination of the state, would tend to drive all left-of-center groups into closer cooperation, if not outright alliance, especially on domestic issues. The left parties, with 215 votes in the Chamber, would constitute a powerful opposition, both in Parliament and the country, and would soon loosen the government's tenuous hold on the workers and peasants.

I DO not say this will happen. It could be prevented either by intelligence in Washington and Rome or stupidity in Moscow; the latter far more likely than the former.

Conceivably, the State Department—and the Vatican—will see the political wisdom of making good their victory by supporting social change in Italy, including reform of the land system that holds millions of Italians as virtual serfs, and an extension of social ownership and control of industry. This would obviously weaken the far left and keep the moderate Socialists attached to a centrist government. But common sense counsels that nothing in the world is less likely. The strategy of threat and promise used by this country during the Italian campaign steered carefully clear of social issues. It was a faithful reproduction, in American terms, of the Russian strategy we had

so bitterly and consistently criticized. That we shall now try to translate campaign promises into concrete social realities is hard to imagine, especially since it would mean encouraging the government to go against the church and its other powerful rightist backers, not to mention the dominant economic interests of this country.

ANOTHER possibility is that Moscow and its Italian allies will prevent an effective reunion of the left. The fear of Russia that divided the Socialists of Italy into hostile factions and last week threw millions of working-class votes to the Catholic party was not an invention of the Americans or of the Vatican. It originated in the expansion of Russian power through Eastern Europe and in the tough, unscrupulous tactics of the Communist parties wherever they have gained the upper hand. Italian Socialists, joined with Communists in the Democratic Front, will not be able to attribute their defeat exclusively to dollars or the machinations of the hierarchy. Those potent adversaries succeeded because they had Moscow's harsh imperatives as their allies. The right needed only to point to the swift disappearance of freedom in Communist-controlled Czechoslovakia and the concurrent disappearance of the Czech Socialists as an independent party. One can almost say that the Communists lost Italy in Prague.

For these reasons, a rebirth of unity among the left forces in Italy will be difficult, no matter how great the provocations of the new government. To overcome the double obstacle of defeat and a bad record, the Communists will have to do more than offer friendship to Socialists and liberals. They will have to effect as complete a change of line as occurred in 1935. It is possible that the election will be the signal for such a shift. Sobered by defeat and fully aware of the rapid consolidation of the anti-Russian forces in and out of Italy, the Communists may, as Del Vayo urges, "adapt their policies and tactics to the interests of the whole progressive community." The symptoms of change noted by Del Vayo in Paris have been duplicated in Italy, where the Communist head of the Confederation of Labor has asserted the right of each national labor body to establish its own position on E. R. P. independent of the Soviet Union.

Close observers of Russian politics believe that a sharp division exists in the Politburo between those who advocate an aggressive foreign policy and those who stand for conciliation and an attempt to win liberal support against the rising pressure of the right. It is reported that the coup in Czechoslovakia was strongly opposed by the moderates. If so, their hand must have been strengthened by the events that followed—in Washington, in Western Europe, and now in Italy. So far, no important signs of a new policy have appeared, and until we see Russia's attitude begin to soften at some critical point—in Berlin, for example—we should not jump to conclusions. But if

the change should come, one place where it could most usefully make itself felt would be in Italy.

It would be foolish to imagine that the Communists will so far abandon their customary tactics as to disarm and regain the confidence of Socialists and liberals. Probably the best one can hope for is collaboration on domestic economic issues. But even this would be of immense value in checking a swing to the right, especially if it were reinforced by a consolidation of the Socialist parties. Without a strong left opposition, the Italian government will almost certainly become more and more reactionary, until it arrives at some form of clerical absolutism like that of Portugal, or of fascist dictatorship as in Spain. To escape communism only to fall into fascism would be a bitter and logical outcome of the big-power battle that has just been fought.

Lewis, Taft, and Hartley

IT WOULD seem to the innocent bystander that the coal operators and John L. Lewis might have been able to agree on a pension system for the miners, to be paid out of a fund which had been about a year in the process of accumulation, with a costly stoppage of production. Yet both sides have shown that they are contentious and stubborn, and are likely to disagree if given the slightest opportunity. This time, the issue was further complicated by the Taft-Hartley act, one of the avowed purposes of which was to prevent just such an outcome as that which occurred.

It is possible that the employers declined to be reasonable because of their knowledge that Lewis could not push the controversy to its last resort without getting into trouble with the law. It is also possible that Mr. Lewis decided to make this the occasion of a deliberate challenge of the law, and so to rehabilitate himself as a leader of unions other than the miners'. There is no possibility whatever that the invention of Messrs. Taft and Hartley did anything to promote peaceful collective bargaining.

When the miners who had quit work remained out while Lewis failed to comply with the order of the federal court issued in accordance with the law, punishment for contempt became virtually unavoidable. Whatever a higher court may decide, no other course seems to have been open to Judge Goldsborough, under Taft-Hartley, than to issue the order and to punish the union and its responsible head for violation of the injunction.

So far as we can see, it is not the decision of the court that is open to question but the statute on the basis of which the court acted. Years of labor relations have proved that governments without the machinery of a totalitarian police state cannot make men work against their will. Decades of experience with anti-labor injunc-

tions in the United States demonstrated so thoroughly that they were either ineffectual or unjust that they were outlawed by the Norris-LaGuardia act. The virtual repeal of this law by the present Congress was an invitation to trouble.

The unions of the country, most of which disagree with Mr. Lewis violently on other grounds, are now bound to support him on this issue. The question whether he made reasonable demands and pursued them with due regard to the public interest is obscured by the larger principle.

To say that the Taft-Hartley act is not the right remedy is not to say that a remedy is not required, or that the body politic cannot protect itself against reckless use of the power of great labor organizations. The settlement of labor disputes, like any other economic process in a modern democratic state, is properly subject to legal regulation if the absence of regulation leads to intolerable consequences. A wise law, however, is one which commands the assent of the majority of those who are expected to observe it. A law which violates the sense of justice of millions of organized wage-earners and must be enforced against their almost unanimous will by enormous fines which deplete their treasuries and by severe penalties against their elected officials cannot contribute to industrial peace or the loyalty of workers to the government.

The present test of the law seems to have been suspended in an uneasy compromise. The decision has been appealed; pending the outcome of the appeal, the penalties are in abeyance and the miners have gone to work. There is a threat implied on the side of the government that if they leave the pits again Lewis will be sent to jail; the Supreme Court must make its review with the knowledge that if it sustains the lower court, and particularly if Lewis is imprisoned, the miners are likely to express their resentment by refusing to dig coal sorely needed by their country and the rest of the world. A relatively minor issue between employer and employee has been converted into a dangerous struggle between the prestige and power of the government and the resolution of workers to defend their rights as free men.

More disastrous economic statesmanship can scarcely be imagined. The firm of Lewis, Taft, and Hartley—with the bituminous coal operators as silent partners—have got us all into an ugly civil conflict, the occasion for which is a matter that ought to have been settled out of court in a couple of hours. It is high time for a group of employers, union leaders, and legislators who have a few rudiments of common sense to demand the repeal of the Taft-Hartley law and to propose a fair means, acceptable to all of them, by which disputes in basic industries may be settled without the annual strikes and injunctions which have become almost an institution in the soft-coal mines.

Thank You, Doctor

BACK in September, the Republicans decided to have a baby. They put Dr. Stettinius in charge, gave him seventeen competent assistants, and went on about their affairs. A baby is a nuisance, true, but it photographs well in the arms of a kindly Senator; later, having served its purpose, the little yowler can always be strangled. The Republicans, however, miscalculated in one respect. They picked a staff that was too good. Last week, the doctors suddenly announced that the baby had arrived; since it was a few months early, and since the Republicans had forgotten all about it anyway, they were not too pleasantly surprised at the news. They were still less pleased when a good hard look at their offspring disclosed that it could only have been sired by the New Deal.

Mr. Stettinius's staff, more formally known as the Advisory Council on Social Security to the Senate Finance Committee, had released its report on the very day that the Senate, by a vote of seventy-seven to seven, was overriding the President's veto of a bill to exclude newspaper and magazine vendors from social-security coverage. And the Advisory Council's report, although it was almost completely buried in the back pages of the newspapers, is exciting news—and poison for Republicans. For where the Republicans seek to prevent the broadening of social security, despite their campaign promises, the new report recommends extending social security to 20,000,000 Americans not now covered—virtually every employed American except clergymen and employees of religious orders and organizations. It recommends doing away with the present "unduly restrictive eligibility requirements for older persons" which have kept 80 per cent of our citizens aged fifty-five or over from receiving benefits. It recommends lowering the eligibility age for women from sixty-five to sixty. It recommends lifting the entire floor under benefit payments to about twice its present level: the average retired male worker, now eligible for a monthly social-security check of \$24.90, would receive, a few years after the council's proposals were adopted, \$55 a month; the retired average worker with a wife would receive \$85; widows with two children, about \$110.

And the Advisory Council has figured out a way to make the proposed system pay for itself. Within a year after adoption, it would raise the present 1 per cent payroll tax rate—met jointly by employees and employers—to 1½ per cent; later, if necessary, the rate would be boosted to 2 per cent. If *that* became insufficient, the council said, the government should pitch in and act as a contributing partner. At the same time, the council advises making the first \$4,200 of a worker's salary taxable for social-security purposes; the slice now is taken out of only the first \$3,000.

The council's recommendations—which are now theoretically the basis for action by the Senate Finance Committee and then the Senate—were accompanied by sharp warnings that the report must be accepted *as a whole* to work successfully in any part, and that the project might be knocked galley-west by an uncontrolled inflation. This, of course, would be true of any intelligent planning. But the right-wing Republicans of the Eightieth Congress are desperately resolved, it would seem, to succeed without planning or not succeed at all. It was Taft who last fall threatened that *all* Congressional action on social welfare might be suspended until the voters elected a Republican President. (Ten days later, he reversed his stand under a storm of protest.) Now he may try to do the same thing with his party's embarrassing new baby. He may try to throttle it. Or he may realize that this particular baby has a large and adoring public. Social security is one political issue about which American voters, educated by the depression, are thoroughly sophisticated.

Washington Sidelights

BY MADELINE KARR

Washington, April 23

THE trial of John Howard Lawson in a federal District Court has resulted in his conviction for contempt of Congress but in no decision on the right of Congress to inquire into a man's political beliefs. In these intemperate times it is difficult to get that issue considered judicially. Perhaps it would be easier if only someone were asked by J. Parnell Thomas, "Are you a Republican?"—and refused to tell.

At any rate, in the musty little courtroom where Lawson lost his first legal round Judge Edward M. Curran limited the case to one point: Did Lawson answer, or try to answer, the Thomas committee's "sixty-four-dollar question" as to whether or not he was a Communist? The jury found he did not. Judge Curran would not allow the jury to consider the pertinence of the more basic query: Is Lawson actually a Communist? He also refused to permit the defense to run off reels from some of Lawson's movies—"The Jolson Story," "Counter Attack," and "Sahara"—on the ground that anything reflected in the accused's screen writings was "irrelevant and immaterial." This line of thought had already been laid down by the Thomas committee. And, Curran noted, the Thomas committee had been given the constitutional blessing of the United States Court of Appeals on March 18 when that court upheld the convictions for contempt of Edward K. Barsky and other officials of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee.

* This first trial of Lawson was only a rehearsal, of

course. The verdict will be appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals and then, it is hoped, to the Supreme Court for final determination.

FOOTNOTE FOR CIVIL LIBERTARIANS: one recent FBI report contains this comment about the subject of a loyalty investigation: "He is the kind of person who permits his Negro maid to come and go by the front door."

REPUBLICAN LEADERS have assured Representative Frank Fellows of Maine, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Immigration, that his D. P. bill, which has been bottled up in the subcommittee these many months—by order of the Republican leaders—will get full support as soon as it is reported out. One can only guess at a possible connection between the Administration's fiasco on Palestine partition and the Republican decision to support the Fellows proposal.

Politics aside, the Fellows bill is a great improvement on the Senate bill introduced by Chapman Revercomb of West Virginia. Where Revercomb would permit entry of only 50,000 D. P.'s a year, Fellows would admit 100,000 a year for two years. In addition, the Fellows bill clas-

sifies as D. P.'s all who entered a D. P. camp in Germany or Austria before April 21, 1947, instead of before December 22, 1945, as Revercomb would have it. Most Jewish D. P.'s now in Germany and Austria entered the camps after the Revercomb deadline. And the Fellows bill, while establishing occupational priorities for admission, does not lay down such rigid requirements as the Revercomb measure.

Still, the Fellows bill is not altogether charitable: it "mortgages," for years to come, 50 per cent of the present quotas of countries from which we would receive D. P.'s. In other words, once the D. P.'s have entered and been tabulated as to country of origin, only half the regular annual quota of their respective homelands will be admitted until the "debt" is "amortized."

SEVERAL DELEGATES just back from Bogotá are pooh-poohing the idea that the uprising was staged to discredit the Pan-American conference and demonstrate hostility toward the United States. State Department officials themselves tell of mingling with the mobs at the height of the rioting without meeting the slightest animosity, despite their unmistakable *Yanqui* appearance.

The Catholic Church as Censor

BY PAUL BLANSARD

I. Books and Magazines

WHEN a non-Catholic American picks up his newspaper and reads that Cardinal Spellman or some other dignitary of the Roman Catholic church has directed Catholics to boycott the motion picture "Forever Amber," he is likely to think of the event as a spontaneous and isolated outburst of moral indignation. Such an interpretation is almost certain to be wrong. Catholic cardinals are not isolated and are rarely spontaneous. The censorship system of the Roman Catholic church in the United States is a highly organized system of cultural and moral controls which applies not only to books, plays, magazines, and motion pictures but to persons and places.

I shall have space in these articles to discuss only two phases of that censorship system, but it should be understood that this limitation of the discussion is entirely arbitrary. In a sense the Catholicism which the hierarchy

imposes upon its people is itself a great system of censorship, a system of condemnations and taboos of which the boycott of certain works of literature and art is a relatively minor feature. The Catholic hierarchy does not hesitate to condemn or boycott specific individuals or whole classes of persons whenever the church is strong enough to enforce such strictures. A Catholic boycott may apply to the sporting world, the graveyard, or the entire Jewish community.

In Brooklyn, the largest Catholic diocese in America, Leo Durocher could not resume the managership of the Brooklyn Dodgers until the Catholic boycott against him had been lifted. "Before a Catholic can marry a Jew," says Father Daniel A. Lord, "permission must be obtained, not from the bishop, but from Rome" ("Questions I'm Asked About Marriage," imprimatur of Archbishop of St. Louis, p. 42). This means in practice that the Catholic boycott of Jews is so rigorous that a Catholic girl may not marry a Jewish boy until she (1) persuades him to sign an agreement that *all* their children shall be brought up as Catholics; (2) gets written permission for the marriage from the Vatican; (3) persuades him to accept marriage by a Catholic priest. If she fails to fulfil any one of these three conditions, she is not married at all, and her children are bastards.

The second part of this article—on Catholic censorship of movies and the theater—will appear next week. After that Mr. Blanshard will discuss science and superstition and the church's attitude toward American democracy.

The church is even more severe toward apostates. No true believer may eat, play, or do business with a person who has been excommunicated by name from the Roman Catholic church ("Catholic Encyclopedia," Vol. V, p. 681). If a renegade from the Catholic church is buried in a Catholic cemetery, he must be dug up as promptly as possible and moved away. Until he is moved away, the whole cemetery or churchyard where he is buried is defiled (Canon Law, 1173-1175).

All these practices of censorship, boycott, and taboo are imposed upon the faithful as doctrinal directives by their bishops or by the Congregation of the Holy Office in Rome. Obedience to such directives is a serious matter for good Catholics. The Holy Office is successor to the body which once ordered heretics burned and which condemned Galileo for heresy. Today it does not burn people, and it rarely burns books, but it holds the power of economic life and death over many authors, editors, publishers, and producers who must rely upon American Catholics for patronage and support.

Because good Catholics are accustomed to the imposition of general boycotts and taboos by their priests, the censorship of literature and art is accepted with little protest as part of the routine of the church. Catholics are taught that the Roman Catholic church is the supreme guardian and purveyor of truth, that the Pope has infallible judgment in moral matters, and that "union of minds requires not only a perfect accord in the one Faith, but complete submission and obedience of will to the Church and to the Roman Pontiff, as to God Himself." The words are those of Leo XIII in his "Sapientiae Christianae."

WITH this theoretical background it is natural that Catholics should regard the censorship system of the church as primarily a Catholic affair. But is it primarily a Catholic affair? It would be fortunate if the effects of censorship could be limited to Catholics, but in real life Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and unbelievers are exposed to the same plays, books, magazines, and films. The strictures of the Catholic hierarchy upon its own people cannot be isolated from the rest of the community.

Catholic censorship is part of American social policy, and it cannot hide behind the protective screen of a single faith. Since it affects the lives of so many non-Catholics it must be submitted to non-Catholic analysis and judgment. The question, then, is not whether the Catholic censorship is a good thing for Catholics but whether it is a good thing for the American people.

The least important part of the Catholic censorship is the part which is commonly supposed to be most important. I refer to the famous *Index librorum prohibitorum*, or list of books which Catholics are forbidden to read. The Index was important in the Middle Ages when it contained virtually all the books offensive to the

hierarchy and when, for a time, the death penalty was enforced for possession of a book so listed. It is still officially in force, having been revised by Leo XIII in 1900 and reissued by Pius XI in 1922 and 1929.

Although the Index lists very few English books, it still bans about 5,000 works, including some of the world's greatest literature. The ban applies to all of Anatole France, Maeterlinck, and Zola; much of Voltaire, Descartes, and d'Annunzio; the love stories of Balzac, Hugo's "Les Misérables"; all the novels of Dumas (father and son) except "The Count of Monte-Cristo"; Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Bergson's "Creative Evolution," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Renan's "Life of Jesus," Taine's "History of English Literature," Rousseau's "Social Contract," and Thomas Paine's "The Rights of Man."

When modern printing presses began to pour out millions of books in all parts of the world, the Roman hierarchy realized that the Index could not keep pace with the heretical output. The functions of the Congregation of the Index were taken over in 1917 by the most powerful group in the Catholic system, the Congregation of the Holy Office, and every bishop of the church throughout the world was made a special agent of the censorship. He was directed and empowered to condemn all "anti-Catholic" books, plays, magazines, and films in his own diocese. Since all bishops are appointed by the Pope, the Roman directives on this subject have been obeyed with great alacrity.

Today the hierarchy does not bother to place objectionable modern books on the Index. The church's worldwide system of condemnation and boycott is far more efficient than any black list could possibly be.

The censorship directives are astonishingly detailed. Moral manuals for priests even suggest how many pages ordinarily make a book, and how many may be read without endangering the soul. (The numbers are 160 and 6, respectively, "if the book is dangerous to faith and morals.")

"All men are forbidden to read books that are contrary to faith in God, good moral conduct, and Christian virtue," a rule so sweeping that it can be interpreted as banning a large proportion of all modern works on science, medicine, and morals. In practice this rule means that no Catholic is allowed to read, knowingly and without special permission, any book attacking any fundamental doctrine of the Catholic church. "The Church is not afraid of truth," says Father John C. Heenan in his "Priest and Penitent" (p. 94), "but She is very much afraid that a clever presentation of falsehood will deceive even the elect."

The general subject of book censorship is included in Canons 1,384-1,405 of the Codex, but for brevity's sake I shall quote here, as above, from the most authoritative Catholic work on doctrine—Father Henry Davis's

four-volume "Moral and Pastoral Theology" (Vol. II, p. 418 ff., imprimatur Archbishop of Birmingham).

Catholic bishops must enforce a boycott against all books defined by Father Davis as follows: (1) books by any writers which defend heresy or schism or attempt in any way to undermine the very foundations of religion; (2) all books . . . which affect to prove that true divorce is permissible in the case of adultery; (3) books which attack or hold up to ridicule any Catholic dogma, such as the creation of man, original sin, the infallibility of the Pope; (4) books which professedly treat of, narrate, or teach matters that are lewd or obscene, such as the defense of methods of birth control. Catholics are directed to be on the watch for such books and to denounce them. As Father Davis puts it: "All the faithful, and those especially who are clerics or who hold high positions, or who are learned, should denounce any book which they consider dangerous."

WHEN a book has been denounced officially, it is a grave sin for a Catholic knowingly to buy, sell, borrow, own, read, or lend it to anybody. The penalties apply to booksellers, publishers, readers, and reviewers unless they get special permission to handle contraband goods. As Father Davis says:

Excommunication, specially reserved to the Holy See, is incurred, *ipso facto*, by the publisher of any book written by apostate, heretic, or schismatic in defense of apostasy, heresy, or schism; it is also incurred by those who defend the said books prohibited by express mention and by name by Letters Apostolic. Furthermore, the same excommunication is incurred by those who knowingly read or keep such books without due permission.

It is quite easy for Catholic scholars and writers to get special permission to read forbidden books, but that permission is instantly withdrawn if it appears that the victim is drifting from the faith. The hierarchy will not even permit its people to read the Protestant and Jewish "good-will books" included in a joint interfaith bibliography. The most authoritative American journal for priests, the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, published the following question and answer on this point in its issue of September, 1946:

Question. A "religious book list" has recently been published by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. What should be the attitude of Catholics toward such a list, and what would be its practical use as far as Catholics are concerned?

Answer. . . . the impression naturally given . . . is that it is quite commendable for the adherents of each of these three denominational groups to read the books which explain and defend the religious beliefs of the other two. Now, this would be strictly forbidden to Catholics . . . such a list might be an incentive to vio-

late the rules which the Catholic church, in her capacity of defender of the Christian faith, has wisely laid down for the spiritual protection of her children.

So Catholics in the National Conference of Christians and Jews continue to persuade Protestants and Jews to read Catholic books but forbid Catholic readers to dip into Protestant and Jewish books.

This complete absence of cultural reciprocity might not be considered serious if the boycotted books were merely partisan denominational tracts. Actually the Catholic boycott includes all books which specifically attack the major social policies of the church even when those policies have no direct bearing on worship or theology. No book favoring sterilization of the feeble-minded, birth control, euthanasia, artificial insemination, therapeutic abortion, cremation, communism, humanism, materialism, state operation of all colleges, nudism, or divorce can be deliberately and knowingly read by a good Catholic. Incidentally, the boycott extends to all non-Catholic religious services and all joint discussions of doctrine with non-Catholics. "It is wrong," says Father Davis (Vol. I, p. 286), "to play the organ in a non-Catholic church as a help to the religious service or to be a member of the choir during services. . . ." These rules of no reciprocity were enforced by Catholic chaplains during the war.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that under these rules no good Catholic could read the three articles on the Catholic church which I wrote for November issues of *The Nation*—not, at least, after he had been duly warned. When the Catholic majority of the Newark Board of Education voted to ban *The Nation* for publishing these articles, the officials were going beyond the letter of the church's law on the subject, since *The Nation* has not been habitually hostile to the Catholic religion; but there is no doubt that in condemning the articles the Catholic board members were simply carrying out a mandate of their church. The church does not believe in the right of any person to criticize its fundamental doctrines even in the field of social policy, and it teaches that it is a sin for Catholics to read that side of a public discussion which contains direct attacks upon the church's position. If Catholics controlled all schools, as they now control the Newark schools, the rule would be applied to all books critical of the hierarchy. Father Francis J. Connell, associate professor of moral theology at the Catholic University of America, was extraordinarily frank about this when writing in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for January, 1946, on Preserving the Faith Inviolable:

We believe that the rulers of a Catholic country have the right to restrict the activities of those who would lead their people away from their allegiance to the Catholic church . . . they possess the right to prevent propaganda against the church. This is merely a logical

conclusion from the basic Catholic tenet that the Son of God established one religion and commanded all men to accept it under pain of eternal damnation.

THE machinery which the church in the United States uses to enforce its boycott of unfriendly literature is quite elaborate. There is machinery for handling books by non-Catholics and machinery for sifting out every printed work by Catholics which touches on religion and morals. Non-Catholic publishers who print attacks on Catholic policy are threatened with boycotts and flooded with very unpleasant letters of protest. As a result of this type of pressure scarcely any large publisher will even consider a manuscript which might expose him and his textbooks to a Catholic boycott.

Ordinarily the hierarchy boycotts heresy more ruthlessly than vulgarity. It subjected the "Encyclopedia Britannica" to a critical siege for years because its biography of the Virgin Mary suggested that the apostles knew nothing about the Virgin Birth. The Britannica changed a few words but stood by the substance of its interpretation. The hierarchy condemned Boccaccio's "Decameron" for many years, but lifted the boycott when the unflattering references to priests and monastic institutions were removed.

The hierarchy's attack on magazines is usually spearheaded by the National Office for Decent Literature (N. O. D. L.), which has headquarters in Washington and seventy-nine priests serving as diocesan watch-dogs in the seventy-nine dioceses of the country. The N. O. D. L. is a kind of Legion of Decency in the magazine field, and branches out into partisan theology when it suits the interests of the church to use "indecency" as a front for a doctrinal assault. It blacklists not only risqué publications but anything which the hierarchy considers immoral by clerical standards.

Like almost everything else in the Catholic church, the N. O. D. L. is ruled entirely by priests. It has the assistance of the Knights of Columbus and the Catholic War Veterans on occasion, but decisions on policy are strictly clerical. The organization is headed by Bishop John F. Noll of Fort Wayne, the author of a Catholic tract attacking the American public school under the title "Public Enemy No. 1." It is especially effective as a pressure group in dealing with small publishers and newsstand owners, and it has had the warm cooperation of many of our postmasters general. In the first year of its existence it drove twenty-seven magazines out of existence. But it could not defeat *Esquire* and the *Varga* girls even under a Catholic postmaster general when *Esquire* challenged the philosophy of super-censorship before the United States Supreme Court.

Occasionally a devout Catholic in public office applies the principles of the N. O. D. L. to literature or art without any apparent prodding from the supervisory

organization. It was Mayor James M. Curley of Boston who in October, 1946, banned the exhibition by the Copley Society of eleven modern paintings of the Temptations of St. Anthony on the ground that they were "an insult to the great organized society, the Catholic church."

Before a book is published, the diocesan censor, as the representative of the Holy Office, reads it carefully, stamps his *Nihil Obstat* on the fly-leaf if he finds nothing objectionable, and turns it over to his bishop (archbishop or cardinal) for the necessary imprimatur (let it be printed). A Catholic publisher who issues a book on religion or morals without this imprimatur risks immediate excommunication and nation-wide boycott. Also, says the "Catholic Encyclopedia," "Catholic laymen must not write for newspapers or periodicals hostile to Catholicism or morality, unless for a just and reasonable cause approved by the local ordinary."

THE chief device for positive Catholic book censorship is a syndicated book list, published in the diocesan weekly newspapers throughout the United States, which ranks current publications according to their conformity with Catholic teaching. This current list, "Books on Trial" of Chicago, edited by John C. Tully, serves both as a black list for condemned books and as a puff sheet for Catholic publishers and bookstores. (There are nineteen Catholic publishing houses in the country which put out more than five Catholic titles a year, and sixty-two large Catholic bookstores. The hierarchy, naturally, favors these houses in its literary and textbook trade.)

Here are a few sample descriptions used by "Books on Trial" to condemn recent books:

"Raintree County"—Lockridge. Lewd, pornographic, verbose.

"The Pearl"—Steinbeck. Doubtful merit. False mysticism.

"East Side, West Side"—Davenport. Not recommended—insidiously immoral.

"Touchstone for Ethics"—Huxley. Disapproved—untenable philosophy.

"The Bishop's Mantle"—Turnbull. Doubtful merit—portrait Protestant minister.

Important condemned books frequently receive detailed hostile reviews in the Catholic press and denunciations from Catholic pulpits. "Raintree County" was singled out for special denunciation by the New York hierarchy in February on three counts: because it was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, because it was written by an author who came "from public school, where he did not learn anything about God," and because "the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the virginity of Mary, the divinity of Jesus Christ Himself are derided in terms of lascivious and unquotable blasphemy." Father Harold Gardiner, literary editor of *America*, found that Pearl

Buck's "Pavilion of Women" was "a failure as a means of intellectual understanding, and it fails on the precise ground that it distorts the one supreme element necessary for that understanding, the reality and truth of the soul, of marriage, of love, of truth, as they are found in Catholic Christianity."

Some of the individual acts of literary censorship can be understood only as part of the total ecclesiastical system of taboos. Harry Lorin Binsse, while managing editor of *Commonweal*, said in an article on Children's Books printed in his magazine in November, 1946:

I am afraid that I shall have to end this discussion of books of religious inspiration for children on a sour note. "Angel Child," written by Val Teal . . . is pleasant enough as a story, yet its treatment of the little angel referred to in the title is completely impossible from a theological point of view, since this angel is viewed as a material being with about the same qualities, let us say, as a humming bird.

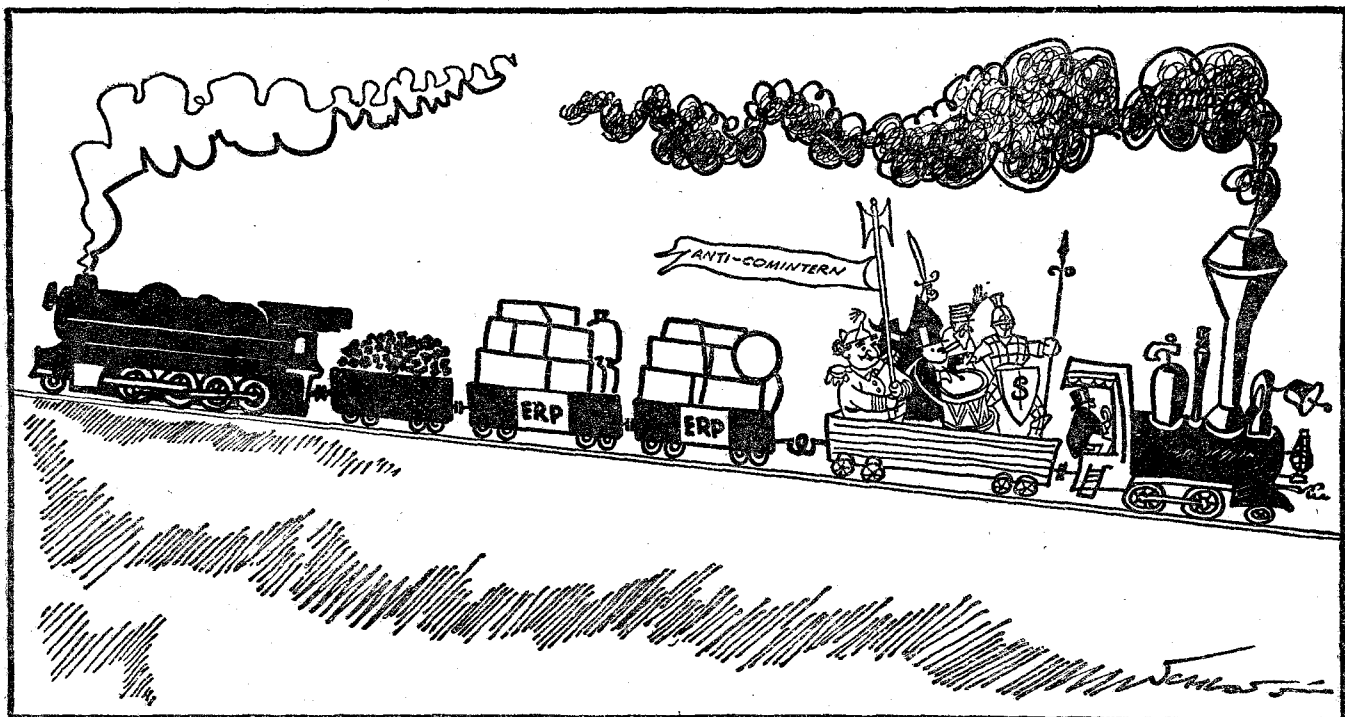
Why must a sophisticated Catholic journal in the United States in the twentieth century condemn a children's book for representing an angel as having the solidity of a humming bird? Because the Pope and the Congregation of the Holy Office have said that angels are incorporeal beings, and that they will remain incorporeal until all of us—or those of us who are on the eligible list—are resurrected on the Judgment Day and given back our earthly bodies in reconditioned form.

Very few lay writers of any intellectual stature willingly accept such tight controls, and even priests are sometimes bitterly critical of the yoke they cannot throw off. There is only one lay Catholic magazine of any con-

sequence in the country, *Commonweal*; all the other widely circulated publications are edited and managed by priests. The diocesan weeklies are little more than house organs for the hierarchy, well edited but filled with slanted news sent out from the humming Washington headquarters of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. This is the over-all management group of American Catholicism, controlled entirely by bishops, archbishops, and cardinals.

The state of literary criticism and literary knowledge in this sequestered cultural world has caused many Catholic writers to burst out in wrathful denunciation. Even *America*, which is edited entirely by Jesuit priests, occasionally allows a frank statement. C. J. Maguire, a Catholic teacher, writing in *America* for February 8, 1947, said: "The belief [in the church] seems to be that wide reading in and of itself is subversive, suspicious, and rarely to be sanctioned . . . the Catholic is faced with a program that lays stress, by abstention and implication, upon juvenility and ignorance in the field of literature." Father John W. Simons, writing in the issue of December 28, 1946, described the "chief Catholic error" as "a moralism unsupported by aesthetics," and declared, "It is a melancholy fact that the science of literary criticism among Catholics in America is practically non-existent." Michael de la Bedoyere, editor of Britain's *Catholic Herald*, says ("Christian Crisis," p. 163, Macmillan):

We have almost reached the stage in Catholic public opinion when nothing is regarded as Catholic unless a religious or pious or apologetic label can be attached to it . . . the name is freely bestowed upon a second-rate professor who writes Catholic Truth Society pamphlets,



FULL STREAM BEHIND

the story-teller who resolutely shuts his eyes to reality and indulges in edifying talks, the picture maker who devotes himself to "sacred art." . . . No wonder there is no Catholic fiction or drama or art worthy of the name it is only too easily accorded.

Another Catholic critic, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, writing in the *Catholic World* of last May, put much of the blame on Catholic publishers who feel compelled to be prudish for business reasons. One Catholic publisher, he said, considered the word "womb" "unprintable," and he added:

We know of a Catholic publisher who had printed a novel but refused to publish it at the last moment because it mentioned (a) a laxative and (b) permitted a young man to kiss a girl in a dark room. This momentous decision was said to have been reached after canvassing the reactions of nuns who read the page proofs. . . . A book called "Married Saints" used for refectory reading in a convent had the most innocent passages deleted, such as, "She dearly loved her husband," and "She milked the cows. . . ."

The net result [of this prudery] is a fatal lowering of

the church in the eyes of non-Catholics, who might otherwise be friendly disposed. . . . They are horrified and often fatally repelled when they see manifestations which characterize rather a narrow backwoods sect than a church of the world of all ages.

Under the Catholic code these criticisms represent the extreme limit of what a Catholic writer can say and still write for the Catholic press. He cannot discuss freely the fundamental principles of the censorship, the truth of any particular church doctrine, the right of priests to prevent Catholics from reading critical books, the celibate frustration which lies behind literary sadism, or the mind-deadening effect of repetitive ritual. Occasionally, however, a Catholic writer dares to point out that in a nation which cherishes freedom of speech the Catholic censor's stamp of approval is usually a kiss of death. Catholic books are notoriously poor sellers, and most non-Catholic Americans avoid any book which bears the official imprimatur. Conversely, when the hierarchy, acting through Catholic government officials, succeeds in "suppressing" a book in a city like Boston, the "award" is often more valuable than a Pulitzer prize.

Report from Frankfurt

BY BERNARD TAPER

THIS city faces with mixed emotions the prospect of becoming the capital of a western German nation. The *Rathaus* crowd, motivated by the same psychology as most city politicians, are fascinated by the idea. The ordinary citizens are apprehensive; they fear that the stroke that elevates Frankfurt to the status of capital will open a chasm across Germany which will some day invite violence. Nevertheless, unless miraculous accord suddenly manifests itself at the Four-Power Allied Control Council, the step will have to be taken. It is like the choice the lost and freezing survivors of a wreck must make—whether to stay where they are, sending up signals and waiting for help that seems never to come, or to strike out for themselves, even at the risk of going in the wrong direction.

No resistance movement is to be noted. Indeed, if the question were put to a plebiscite, the majority of Germans would probably vote in favor of the United States maintaining its occupation forces here, as a bulwark against Russia. However, difficult days are probably in store for the occupation. No longer can the attitude of the German populace be summarized by the comment of the wife of an English military-government officer—"I found the natives quite tractable." Outspoken criticism by Germans, even to the point of baiting the occupation authorities, has become common in Bizonia; such

practices are, of course, undreamed of in the Soviet zone and *de trop* in the French zone. Pastor Niemöller's attack upon the denazification law a while ago, calling for boycott and passive resistance to the trials, is the hardest blow so far. Had it been delivered a year ago, it might have provoked serious disturbances; at the present time, though it is arousing much debate, its effect will not be revolutionary because it is clear that the denazification proceedings are on the verge of reaching completion.

As one of the many consequences of his defiant pastoral letter, incidentally, Niemöller has been informed by the Free Union of Persons Persecuted by the Nazi Regime for Political Reasons that he can no longer be considered a member. Of course it is an unquestionable fact that Niemöller was persecuted for political reasons, and it seems equally obvious that he is determined to continue to be.

A more unpleasant yet in some ways more illuminating affair has been the Semler case, about which a good deal has been written in the newspapers. Semler, a right-wing Bavarian politician and a high official in the Bizonal administration, delivered a speech to the effect that the Germans were tired of manifesting gratitude for the "chicken-feed" which the Americans were sending over to Germany and for which the Germans were paying dearly. As a result, Semler has become something of a

hero with the German public; the nasty tone of his speech served as a vent for their own resentment over being recipients of charity. Fired from his post in the Bizonal administration by the British and American deputy military governors, Semler was promptly re-elected by the Bavarian legislature as one of its Bizonal representatives, although the Bavarian legislators knew full well that General Clay would have to step in and veto his election.

The incident illustrates one of the basic dilemmas of the present stage of the occupation, the question of where is the sovereignty. The American occupation time-table is based on the theory of the gradual turnover of responsibility to the Germans. United States personnel in the field have received strong directives forbidding them to interfere with German officials and instructing them to forward their criticisms to higher headquarters, which will take the necessary action. But it is an old axiom that sovereignty is indivisible. Turning over authority to the Germans means merely lengthening the leash by which they are held. That it is now a comparatively long leash makes them more restive rather than less; they can get up a lot of speed before they are brought up short with a jerk.

BUREAUCRATS in Bizonia are still hunting through some fifteen million answers to questionnaires which were turned in at the end of February, looking for hoarded foodstuffs. It is the general impression that they will find very little. "Tons of questionnaires but not a single potato" is the embittered attitude of the populace. One newspaper commented that there had not been so much effort with such little hope of success since the *Volkssturm* was mobilized and ordered to halt the Allied armies. The amazing and desperate measure which provoked this response was the "Emergency Ordinance Concerning the Registration, Collection, and Distribution of Food Stocks," familiarly referred to as the *Speisekammer Gesetz* or Larder law; it required nothing less than that every farm, grocery, restaurant, or other establishment having to do with food file a detailed inventory of all foodstuffs on hand as of February 20, and that every individual householder file a declaration stating the amounts of flour and potatoes in his larder as of that day. Those who declared that they held more than the permitted amounts—seven pounds, a month's ration, was the maximum amount of flour allowed the individual householder, for instance—would lose the excess.

No one really expected that the black marketeers, already violating several laws, would break down at this point and reveal all, but the resistance shown by the usually law-abiding German housewife to losing such extra quantities of food as she had been able to "organize" was stronger than had been anticipated.

THE impression of spiritual poverty one receives here is as depressing as the visible physical poverty. Almost every creative or thoughtful person seems to have been driven out, killed, or stupefied by the events of the last fifteen years. No writing of merit has as yet appeared. There is one serious magazine of consequence—*Die Wandlung*, published in Heidelberg.

In the legitimate theaters, all of which, in the German tradition, are repertory, the most popular playwrights are the modern French—Anouilh, Giradoux, Camus, and Sartre. The subtle plays of the French resistance, such as Anouilh's "Antigone," are especially welcomed, first because of their merit and second because they express emotions and attitudes which by the irony of history the Germans are now in a position to understand. Even for their resistance dramas the Germans have to rely upon imports; one can think of no writers among the impoverished German intellectuals capable of supplying the demand.

In the realm of music the leading composers—Egk, Orff, and Fortner—are competent and sometimes interesting but not to be compared with the German and Austrian émigrés now in the United States. A great deal of music is performed, for which fact the Germans must be given credit. Here in Frankfurt an average of about ten concerts a week may be heard, and in the American zone, an area about the size of Tennessee, some nineteen opera companies present a full, year-round repertoire; but the quality of performance is pretty low. In all Germany there are only two really first-rate musicians left, Giesecking and Fürtwängler.

Over on the south side of the River Main, the Städel Museum has lately opened its undamaged wing to the public. It has an extremely fine collection of old masters, but one is struck by the fact that no modern paintings are to be seen. Other German museums when they reopen will show a similar lack, for the Nazis confiscated thousands of paintings which they termed "degenerate" and sold them abroad for extremely healthy prices to finance German rearmament. The Städel lost seventy-six modern paintings, of which the most lamented is Van Gogh's celebrated "Portrait of Dr. Cachet," which according to reports traveled a devious route until it ended up in a New York collection. For the sincere young German artist this situation is a sad one; in the last twelve years he has been exhorted to paint nothing but a kind of sentimental photograph, and he now needs to be confronted by the experimental techniques and the free and fanciful spirit of the great moderns. It is interesting to note, by the way, that many of the younger German artists have returned to the expressionism of the Weimar Republic days, not choosing it, one feels, for a permanent style but rather as a person picking up a book after a long time says, "Now let me see, where were we . . . ?" and rereads the previous chapter before going on.

Ricarda Huch

BY DORA EDINGER

MANY of the women writers of Germany, like their masculine counterparts, collaborated with the Nazis. The behavior of the most famous among them—such as Ina Seidel and Gertrud Bäumer—was none too good, though they are being allowed to write and lecture once more. All the more reason, therefore, that the name and the record of the best writer of them all and probably the greatest German woman of our time, Ricarda Huch, should be honored and remembered.

Ricarda Huch was not very well known in America. Her later, more mature books have never been published here. And her death last November at the age of eighty-three received little notice in the American press.

Like Thomas Mann, Ricarda Huch came out of a North German bourgeois background and had a long career of arduous literary activity in Munich. But she did not emigrate when the Nazis came to power. After the *Gleichschaltung* she quietly withdrew from all organizations. She continued, however, to write—historical studies and a few exquisite verses which prove her unflinching opposition to the Goebbels dictatorship over German culture.

Seemingly immersed in research in ancient German history, Ricarda was actually collecting all available documents for a book on the German underground fighters. In the fall of 1945 the few German papers that were being printed carried a letter by Ricarda Huch asking for any material that might be of use to her in writing a book that would be a lasting monument to the German resistance. This moving appeal made it painfully evident how few good German writers remained in the country. And since Ricarda Huch was well over eighty, there was good reason to fear that the story of the German martyrs to freedom might not have the advantage of being set down by a contemporary who was also an accomplished writer.

Ricarda did not live to finish her task, but news has come that she did complete the first part of the book, which deals with the revolt of the Munich students. Only the introduction has so far been printed, but it is enough to show how important the complete work would have been. In this introduction she points out, among other things, that while later opponents of Hitler had political, military, or national aims, the fight of the young martyrs of 1943 was a fight against evil. Their movement was doomed because they lacked the demoniacal ruthlessness of Hitler and his henchmen; but their sacrifice was sublime because they fought and died "on the side of the angels."

Hitler's German victims have not received their due, but some of them at least live on in Ricarda Huch's late

verses, published in 1944 and after her death—just as the victims of an earlier doomed German rebellion live on in the drawings of Käthe Kollwitz, that other woman artist who was lost to Germany just when her pure and incorruptible interpretation was most needed.

In the Wind

RICH MAN: Governor Millard Caldwell of Florida was recently awarded \$237,000 in a libel suit against *Colliers*. According to the *Magazine Industry Newsletter*, he gave the money to Florida A. and M., a Negro college.

POOR MAN: The Associated Press has discovered a man in San Antonio, Texas—it does not reveal his name—who recently came upon his wife and a stranger in an embrace. "My first impulse," he told police, "was to kill them both. But I thought it over and just ordered them both out of the house. . . . If I had killed either one of them, it would have ruined my credit rating. And I have a mighty good one."

BEGGAR MAN: "Twenty-two wanderers of the night—homeless men, waiting for the missions to open and supply their morning coffee—were arrested before dawn today on loitering charges . . . as they huddled against the morning chill."—Los Angeles *Daily News*, March 15.

THIEF: "Sterling, Illinois (AP)—B. C. Bailey reported . . . to the Sterling police that a spare tire and some clothing were stolen from his automobile. He said the car was parked in an alley. Police fined him \$1 for illegal parking in an alley."—El Paso, Texas, *Times*.

DOCTOR: Testimony of Dr. Frederick J. Carpenter against a proposed Massachusetts birth-control bill, as delivered in the Boston State House on April 6 and reported in the *Boston Globe*: "If this law had been in effect prior to my birth, I might be standing here today without a mother." His mother, he added, was the twelfth of thirteen children.

LAWYER: The Philadelphia police have lately been raiding bookstores in that city to confiscate such "salacious" books as "Studs Lonigan," "Never Love a Stranger," "Raintree County," and "End as a Man." Two publishers, Alfred A. Knopf and Houghton Mifflin, have brought suit against city officers to restrain this pastime. Here is a bit of the exchange in a Philadelphia courtroom the other day between a Houghton Mifflin attorney, R. Sturgis Ingersoll, and a witness for the defense, the Reverend Harold Paul Sloan, a Methodist minister: *Ingersoll*—"Do you remember in your youth that boys and girls would seek out the dictionary and the Bible to find words, phrases, and anecdotes concerning sex?" *Sloan*—"Maybe you did, but I did not. . . . I never discussed sex more than twenty times in my life." *Ingersoll*—"Then you claim to be an expert on the censoring of this book?"

MERCHANT-CHIEF: Morris Sayre, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, stated recently that high corporation taxes were "hurting the general public."

Our New Armament Economy

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

BEFORE the Marshall Plan was passed and the new military program was announced, the country seemed to be headed toward an economic slump, perhaps next fall. Downward tendencies were already marked. In recent months the gap between production and mass consumption has widened. According to recent statistics, compiled by the President's Council of Economic Advisers, consumer purchasing power is lower today than at any time since 1942. Mounting prices in the first three months of the year more than wiped out what gains had been made in individual income.

The Marshall Plan alone probably cannot halt this tendency. It will of course increase the production of goods to be shipped abroad, and so tend to hold up prices and maintain employment. But under the plan, exports will rise only slightly above the 1947 level. Last year our net exports came to about \$10 billion. They were financed in various ways. According to a highly instructive report published in the April *Monthly Letter* of the National City Bank, these exports were covered by \$3.9 billions in American loans, \$1.7 billions in grants for relief and rehabilitation, and by the liquidation of a large part of the remaining foreign assets of the importing countries—a decline in their gold reserves of \$2.8 billion and in their dollar bank balances of \$1.6 billion.

The Marshall Plan will of course increase the amount of foreign loans for 1948, but recipient countries have no longer any considerable reserves of gold or dollar balances upon which to draw. The *Monthly Letter* mentioned above gives the following estimate: "Under government direction exports to the Marshall Plan countries of Western Europe may be expected to be maintained. On the other hand, exports to the Western Hemisphere countries, Asia, and other parts of the world may run below the 1947 level. . . ." So the actual effect of the European Recovery Program, taken by itself, would be to check the decline in American exports that began in the early months of 1948 and fill the gap created by last year's extraordinary drain on the foreign assets of the European nations. Presumably there would be little change in total American exports or in the present situation of this country's economy.

But the Marshall Plan is no longer the only instrument at hand to reduce the widening gap between production and consumption. The prospect of an early

slump has been dispelled by the large increases in our military expenditures. Our military outlay for 1948 was originally set at approximately \$11 billion; after the Czechoslovak crisis President Truman in his message of April 1 asked for an additional \$3 billion. But this was only a first instalment. Already Secretary Forrestal has raised the amount to \$3.4 billion, proposing a total of \$45 billion for the next three years. And this sum will almost certainly be exceeded. The present military budget, even including the additional amounts asked for by the Defense Department, contains nothing for military lend-lease to the E. R. P. nations.

It is practically certain that a bill to give military aid to Western Europe, or at least to the nations signing the Brussels agreement, will soon be proposed by the Administration and passed by Congress. Britain, in a White Paper issued March 9, announced an actual *decrease* in military expenditures for 1948. The aid allotted to Britain in the E. R. P. is barely sufficient to restore its "normal" trade balance without allowing anything for military purposes. The French have declared that under a joint defense scheme they would be able to furnish man-power but not to equip a modern army. The same applies of course to the smaller European nations.

Direct military aid for Europe would raise our war budget far above the total recently announced—even if no new crises occurred. Taken together, the various appropriations for military purposes, coupled with our expected export surplus, will in all likelihood come close to \$30 billion, of which the outlay for the Marshall Plan will constitute barely one-sixth. And here it should be stressed that the economic consequences of so great an increase in our military establishment in 1948 will be even more far-reaching than these huge sums indicate. For the government's program will tend to set in motion an armament economy, with all that implies in terms of plant construction, large private investments, increased prices, and such. The factors which would otherwise have made for an economic slump will be offset, and the slump postponed as long as the program continues. But the armament economy bristles with obvious new dangers.

IT IS easy to compare the present situation with that in 1940 when lend-lease and the draft were inaugurated. But there are differences today which must be understood if the most damaging effects of an armament economy are to be avoided.

In 1940, when we embarked on a program of war production for lend-lease and for our own use, we had

FRITZ STERNBERG'S new book is "How to Stop the Russians—Without War."

nine to ten million unemployed and enormous unused plant facilities. The armament program reduced unemployment and took up the slack in productive capacity. Only after our own entry into the war did it become necessary to establish firm priorities to insure adequate production of both armaments and consumer goods.

The present picture provides a striking contrast. The economic recession that lurks on the horizon has scarcely begun to be felt. Production is at a high level, wages and prices are up, unemployment is at a minimum. War-time controls have been done away with, and private enterprise is enjoying bigger profits and greater prestige than at any time since the twenties. A war economy inaugurated today will be superimposed upon a peace-time economy in full and profitable operation. This is a phenomenon new in American history.

The political argument for the new arms program has been advanced by all the Administration leaders. Only by transforming a larger part of America's industrial might into actual military power, they say, will it be possible to halt further expansion on the part of Russia. Economic aid to Europe will not be enough to do the job; the Russians will give up their plan to dominate the Continent only if they believe that any new aggression will produce armed resistance, and only a prompt increase in American military preparation will convince them. So it is argued by spokesmen of the State and Defense departments.

The validity of this thesis cannot be discussed here. The point I wish to stress is that the Administration's military program has been presented not as a means of waging or supporting a war already in progress—as was the case in both the first and second world wars—but as a means of preventing a war that is at present only threatened or feared. Or to put it differently: once the danger of Russian expansion is ended and the tension between the United States and the Soviet Union relieved, the war economy will presumably be liquidated and a return made to normal expenditures and peace-time production. This is the assumption of those who honestly hope to avert total war and total annihilation.

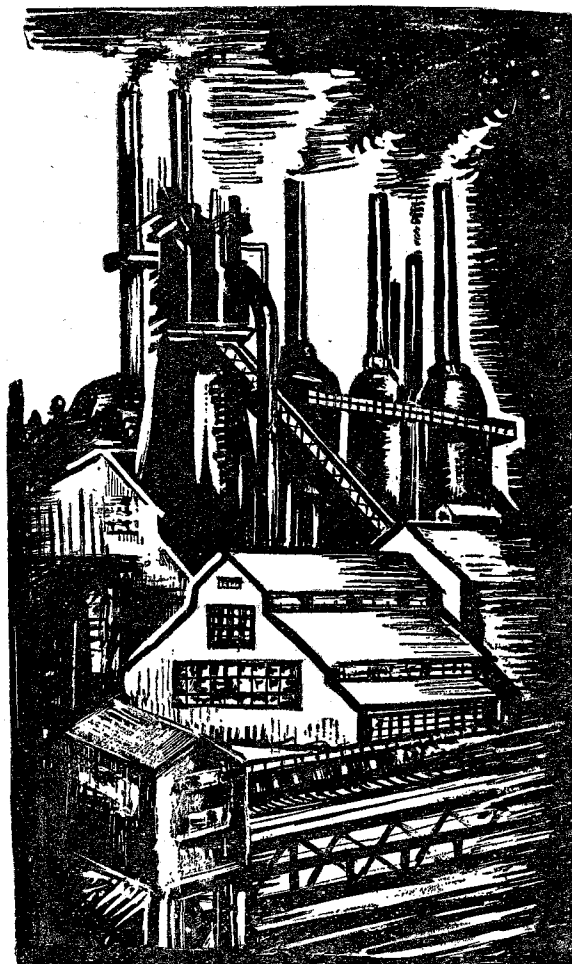
It is hardly necessary to say that the likelihood of such an outcome is not great. To make the transition from a military economy to a peace economy without passing through the ordeal of war would be an unprecedented feat. Only if all the hazards are clearly realized in advance can we have any hope of preventing the projected arms program from becoming a factor leading to a new war.

With American industry already operating at capacity, the Administration's military measures are bound to be a powerful inflationary force. The trend toward higher prices, which set in after the demise of OPA and was only temporarily interrupted by a decline in certain food prices, will surely continue. Government price and pro-

duction controls are immediately imperative. Our war production during the recent struggle created enormous profits and a great increase in the economic power of the 250 largest corporations. The question therefore arises: Will this trend continue, will the new military program mean additional gigantic profits for the armament industries, or is the government prepared either to limit profits or largely nullify them by enormous excess-profits taxes?

This, in fact, is the central economic issue the country faces as Congress votes more and more money for military preparation. At a time when millions of veterans may again be called into the service, along with millions of new conscripts, the veterans' organizations should exert all their influence to prevent the big corporations, already more prosperous and dominating than ever before, from piling up vast profits on munitions contracts.

Even more than this is at stake. The increase in military expenditures has been represented as a measure for the preservation of peace. If huge profits are made in the armament economy of the coming period, powerful financial interests will develop a stake in maintaining or even expanding this lucrative business. To mitigate the danger, a progressive foreign policy must be combined with a strong progressive policy at home. Otherwise the measures invoked to prevent war will be the very means of bringing it about.



Drawing by Seligson

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

ON SEVERAL occasions during the past year this department has reported on the invasion of the laboratory by the military and the spread of the loyalty purge to science. Disturbing new details are furnished by a recent survey of 140 leading research centers by the Federation of American Scientists' Committee on Secrecy and Clearance.

The survey reveals that several important industrial laboratories require all scientific and technical employees to obtain clearance—that is, submit to a loyalty investigation—whether or not they are employed on government work. This illegal trespass on individual rights was disclosed to be a practice of General Electric three months ago; G. E. now has company. Unfortunately, the committee has not chosen to make public the names.

A long questionnaire answered by fourteen large industrial and private laboratories and twenty-six major universities disclosed that nine of the former were holding army, navy, or Atomic Energy Commission research contracts and that eight of the nine were doing secret military research. Of the twenty-six universities, twenty-three hold army or navy contracts and eleven receive over half their research funds from the military. Six universities are carrying on military research. It is hardly necessary to remark that a university is the last place where one would expect to find secret research in time of peace: a university exists to disseminate knowledge, not to conceal it.

THE strange performance of the White House in sending up, then withdrawing, and finally sending again to the Senate the nominations of all five present members of the Atomic Energy Commission was apparently due merely to a blunder of protocol—someone forgot to give advance notice to Senator Hickenlooper, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. The mix-up is an augury, though, of the rocky road to reconfirmation before Chairman Lilienthal and his associates. Last year a number of Republicans joined with the Democrats to confirm them. This year they will have to get past Senators Taft and Knowland as well as the ineffable Senator McKellar. Knowland has promised a fight to delay confirmation until the House passes a measure, sponsored by him and already passed by the Senate, authorizing the Senate to go over the President's head and obtain FBI reports on nominees to the commission. Taft has indicated that he may block Senate action altogether until next January, when appointment of commission members might be a Republican prerogative. If Taft makes good his threat, the present A. E. C. members would have to continue on an interim basis.

OF COURSE, I have no special information on the recent atomic weapon test off Eniwetok. However, a clue to the nature of the test may be found in the fact that one of the three tests to have been held at Bikini in 1946 was indefinitely postponed. This was "Charlie Test," in which an atom bomb was to have been exploded at an underwater depth of a mile. Obviously, the navy would still like to know what such an explosion would do, especially to submarines. One further clue: a naval task force is supposed to have departed April 2 from Pearl Harbor for Eniwetok.

In any case, another A. E. C. development, also announced this week, is likely to be remembered much longer than the Eniwetok test. This is the invention of the radioactive cobalt needle for the treatment of cancer. Needles of cobalt made radioactive by insertion in an atomic pile will be used in approximately the same way as the radon goldseed, and will accomplish exactly as much. However, the needles will be a supplement to rather than a replacement for the radon goldseed and X-ray; for certain types of cancer treatment the latter has substantial advantages and will continue to be used.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Fifty Years Ago in "The Nation"

APRIL 28, 1898—The President having signed the Cuban resolution passed by Congress, and the Spanish government having refused to comply with the demands therein made, the two nations are now at war with each other. . . . Some sanguine spirits in Washington think that all will be over in thirty days. On the other hand, we have General Miles's reported advice not to send troops to Cuba until the rainy season is over. . . . To send troops, even hardened regulars, to the island now will simply be to subject them to frightful losses, such as must inevitably follow their exposure to the yellow fever and the other evils of the Cuban climate. . . .

The odds against Spain [are] simply fearful. . . . We are no doubt to witness the final extinction of Spain as an American power. The mysterious ways of Providence in abasing a once-exalted nation are not made less mysterious in this instance by the choice of an instrument to execute the divine decree. It would be rash to conclude that because Spain has apparently lost the favor of Heaven, we are securely established in it.

May 1, 1898—The first battle of the war has taken place where it was expected. Admiral Dewey has demolished the Spanish fleet, as he was expected to do, in the Philippine Islands. . . . Before war was declared, it was suddenly turned into a war to avenge the Maine. Has not this object been attained? We are reported to have killed or drowned 400 Spaniards. Two hundred and sixty-six men are reported to have perished in the Maine explosion; this leaves us with 134 dead Spaniards to our credit, which surely ought to satisfy us, unless another fight should put the balance on the other side. . . .

Del Vayo—Warning from Rome

Paris, April 23

THE most important lesson of the Italian elections is this: Once reaction has been given the go-ahead sign there is no possibility of stopping it at a given point, of saying "so far and no farther." Dozens of solid, sophisticated analyses can be made, but I prefer to base my comments on this fundamental axiom.

On April 18 Alcide de Gasperi achieved a smashing victory. He was adopted, encouraged, and supported by the United States and proclaimed the savior of Christian civilization by Pope Pius XII. It is ironical to read reports in the French press that some quarters in the State Department are disturbed by the sweeping proportions of the right's victory. The Vatican at least had weighed the full consequences of its support, for His Holiness has declared himself as unreservedly satisfied with the results.

Perhaps more genuine than Washington's reported doubts are the anxious speculations with which certain progressive, anti-Communist circles here have received the final election figures. French Socialists around Léon Blum are trying to convince themselves and us that the new Parliament will be held in check by the Saragat-Socialist bloc. The mystic symbol of the Third Force has invaded Italy despite its failure in France. In view of the hostile attitude of the French Socialists toward Nenni—Blum even paid a special visit to Italy on the eve of the elections to bolster up the rival group—it is natural for them to describe Nenni as "*le grand vaincu*," and Saragat as "*le second vainqueur*." But the figures speak for themselves: in spite of his impressive vote, even in proletarian Milan, Saragat, with thirty-three seats in the Chamber of Deputies and twenty-five in the Senate, cannot influence any major policy on which De Gasperi has made up his mind. The Premier has 307 seats in the Chamber and 151 in the Senate—not counting minor rightists groups—and is absolute master of the new Parliament. Forty years of political life have given De Gasperi wisdom and inclined him to moderation, but the forces behind him are stronger than his personal leanings. He will now kill social and economic legislation he was led to accept when the Socialists and Communists were in the government. Saragat's "victory" consisted of winning only half as many seats as he had in the Constituent Assembly. No doubt he is counting on De Gasperi not to wipe out the nationalizations already accomplished, at least not right away, but the generosity of others has never sustained any political force, and that goes for the Third Force as well.

The hope of well-intentioned liberals who wanted the right to win but by so small a margin that the left would remain a powerful opposition with strong bargaining powers has proved another romantic illusion. Italian reaction showed more political realism: rather than take any chances, it sacrificed its own extremist factions by voting en masse for De Gasperi. But now that the Christian Democrats have an absolute majority, the reactionaries will be well rewarded:

the policy of nationalization will be first slowed down, later suppressed. Around this problem a bitter fight is sure to develop in the coming months. That the government is not wasting any time placating its liberal supporters was indicated yesterday in De Gasperi's post-election press conference, when, after a few generalities about social justice and reform, he announced that his party's first action in the new Parliament would be to pass legislation illegalizing strikes which "serve political ends."

I never believed that the Fronte Democratico would attempt a putsch even if defeated, and my judgment has been confirmed by Togliatti's statement in *l'Unità*, reprinted in today's *l'Humanité*. Though Togliatti explicitly charges what he calls "violation of free voting," he makes it clear that nothing could do greater harm to the left cause in Italy than a *coup de force*. There are other methods of struggle for a movement which, against great odds, has kept 8,000,000 Italians under its colors and has powerful trade-union backing. The Fronte Democratico is already talking about next year's municipal elections: last January its leaders told me that whatever the outcome of the elections, the Fronte would continue its activities. Nenni's position within his own party is likely to be more difficult. I doubt, however, that the story from Rome about the probable disintegration of the Nenni group is true, although some losses will surely be sustained.

In *l'Ordre* Emil Buré, who despite his seventy-three years remains one of the sharpest of Paris columnists, reports that on the eve of the elections our mutual friend Randolfo Pacciardi, the Republican leader, was trembling lest De Gasperi obtain an absolute majority. But Pacciardi—along with other liberals and radicals who have joined the stop-Russia drive—was one of the men who made that majority possible. Once a man becomes an ally of reaction, it is reaction which uses him and not he who "tempers the rightist push." Now, in the cold light of the morning after, Pacciardi has announced his resignation from the government, proving, however belatedly, his unwillingness to be a fellow-traveler of the "blacks."

The Italian elections should be a sober lesson for the left, beginning with the Communists who must adapt their policy and tactics to the interests of the whole progressive community. Whether they will do so or not remains to be seen, but it may be significant that, as the Italians went to the polls, Maurice Thorez, speaking at the Buffalo stadium in Paris, made offers of cooperation to all liberals, including Catholics and Socialists. And for the first time in more than a year, at a meeting presided over by Rémy Roure, moderate columnist of *Le Monde*, all the resistance forces spoke from the same platform against a new campaign to free Pétain.

American Protestants may be ready to accept the Vatican as their new European political headquarters, but there are still many people even in the Marshall Plan area who will fight against a return to the days when the pope was the real ruler of the Continent.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE KINSEY REPORT

BY MARTIN GUMPERT

THE Kinsey report* is an important, useful, and honest book. It contains many debatable statements, and there are probably a number of statistical and technical errors—which this reader can only suspect but which other critics have cited with vehement disapproval. It is fortunately not, as it purports to be, an entirely objective report of "what people do." There is frequent evidence of social and moral interpretation, which needless to say has given rise to violent criticism by opponents of the whole project. Obviously the statement that, under our present laws, 95 per cent of our total male population could be convicted of sex crimes becomes social dynamite when it is offered as a statement of authoritative scientific fact. Most of us were aware of it all along, but proof was lacking. The same is true of such findings as these: that 85 per cent of American males have pre-marital intercourse; that 59 per cent have some experience in oral-genital contacts, a criminal offense in a number of states—and by criminal I mean a felony, not a misdemeanor; that from 30 to 45 per cent have extra-marital intercourse; that 37 per cent have had some homosexual experience; and that 17 per cent of farm boys have intercourse with animals. These figures may be slightly changed by further studies, but on the whole they would appear to be accurate—and they come as no surprise to anyone who has intimate and undistorted knowledge of human relations.

The reception and the effects of the Kinsey report have been quite as interesting as its contents. It has stimulated a frank discussion of sex that has had the character of an explosion and has provided a wholesome release. Indeed, the healthy, intelligent attitude displayed by the general public has been very remarkable. There are, of course, some angry and malicious detractors, and per-

haps no one would be surprised to find Dr. Kinsey and the whole Zoology Department of the University of Indiana hailed before a Congressional committee investigating un-American sex activities. On the other hand, the recent comment by Albert Deutsch that Kinsey stands as a martyr along with Socrates and Copernicus is an embarrassing overstatement. After all, this author of a best-seller is today a public figure acclaimed by many respected citizens.

The success of the book is an encouraging sign of the genuine interest of American readers in solid knowledge—which may be a shock to our educators and to condescending editors who think they know "what the people want." Until now only two organized groups have been entitled to talk about sex—the churches and the psychoanalysts. Today sex seems to have become a matter for more or less mature discussion by the people who are primarily involved in its problems. It is no wonder, then, that clergymen and psychoanalysts are among the most militant enemies of the report. One important and highly gratifying effect of the book is that it appears to have lifted the feeling of guilt from hundreds of thousands of readers. This mass psychotherapeutic function is one secret of its success. People work with touching eagerness through the appalling mass of boring charts and statistics in order to discover with relief that they are not outcasts, not psychopaths, not criminals, when they masturbate or enjoy other "abnormal" sexual outlets. They learn that they are as "normal" or as "vicious" as anybody they meet on the streets of their home town. If this relief from tension and guilt can be bought for \$6.50, it is a most happy social accomplishment. But everybody in the guilt business is bound to feel at least a little angry.

The large number of deficiencies in the Kinsey report are undoubtedly due in part to its fragmentary character—it

is only one of a series of planned volumes—and to its dominantly statistical methods. This preliminary nature of the book should be stressed again and again in order to protect the unscientific and untrained reader from unwarranted conclusions.

The most obvious error of the book, conscious or unconscious, is the identification of *much* sexuality with *good* sexuality. Kinsey and his collaborators—being biologists—obviously like sex and seem to think, the more of it the better. Lionel Trilling stressed this point in his article in *Partisan Review* for April, 1948, which is the best criticism of the book I have read so far. As a matter of fact, there is almost no relationship between sexual frequency and sexual satisfaction. On the contrary, an unusually high frequency may be a symptom of deep sexual disturbance. Another unfortunate feature of the Kinsey findings, it seems to me, is the integration of human sexual behavior into the zoological picture. Having justly repudiated the controversial term "normal" on many occasions, the report goes on to state that what is "natural"—because it is practiced by animals—must also be "normal" for human beings. Such dangerous misjudgment of specific human situations and values—for example, "love"—appears in the defense of premature ejaculation in human males on the ground that the chimpanzee needs only ten to twenty seconds for his performance. Man, who has lost or overcome sexual periodicity, is a strange animal, and his sexual satisfaction depends on emotional tension and release at least to the same degree that it depends on purely physical outlets. Several reviewers, furthermore, have rightly objected that the report says nothing about the connection between sex and reproduction, but later volumes may repair this omission.

Of great interest but requiring further study are the findings about the differ-

* "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." By Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin. W. B. Saunders Company. \$6.50.

ences in sex behavior between religiously devout persons and religiously inactive persons; about the social level as the most powerful factor affecting the pattern of the nine established categories of sexual outlet; about the statistical evidence for infantile (and senile) sexuality and the climax of sex activity in the male of teen age. Important is the discovery that prostitution, that widely overemphasized vice, plays an exceedingly small part in heterosexual activity even among single males in this country. However, I would greatly question a sentence like this: "The average female is not aroused by nearly so many stimuli as is the male, and finds much less sexual excitement in psychic associations or in any sensory stimulation outside of the purely tactile." I would almost be inclined to say that the exact reverse is true. And some remarks about the different attitudes toward masturbation held by psychiatrists raised in Europe and psychiatrists with an American background are undoubtedly based on chance impressions.

All of which goes to show that the main value of the Kinsey report lies in

its provocative conclusions. There are, needless to say, many well-founded statements, and in general its conclusions are based on an amazing body of sound facts. Nevertheless, the conclusions are subject to discussion.

We have every reason to be grateful for the book. An immense amount of scientific effort and energy has been invested in it, with the result that the most distorted and maltreated of sciences, the study of sex, has been largely freed from intolerance, superstition, frivolity, and morbidity. Perhaps after reading it, more people will realize that the only practical criterion for judging human sexual behavior is the criterion of potential harmfulness to the community or the individual involved. Forceful interference with the lives of others must be prevented. The individual should be warned against monomaniac and neurotic fixations; otherwise everything would seem to be permissible: Man should be entitled to the widest possible variety of sexual outlets as long as they do no harm and lead to satisfaction. A happy and harmonious sexual life is the greatest asset an individual can have, and the best guaranty of a powerful and benign social structure.

Mr. Mencken thinks it "highly improbable" that he will ever get around to composing a "Supplement III." "At my age," he explains, "a man encounters frequent reminders, some of them disconcerting, that—" and so forth. Of course, a prolonged siege of proofreading and index-making is enough to dampen one's spirit for a little while, but there is a reasonable hope that the mild airs and traditional regimen of his beloved Baltimore will sustain Mr. Mencken till he attains the patriarchal age of Basil Linnaeus Gildersleeve. For here is a long, carefully organized, densely documented volume, handling and rehandling many thousands of slippery, elusive facts, and there is not a languid, imprecise, repetitious, witless, or senescent page in it! On the contrary, the zest with which the author pursues his inquiry is still growing with the years. In 1936 he discussed American pronunciation in 60 pages; he now supplements that discussion—if "supplement" be the word for it—with 268 pages, including a state-by-state survey of what has been recorded about regional variations in speech. In a similar way his account of slang, which ran to a mere 35 pages, is now enriched with 143 pages of additional exposition and comment, together with numerous lists of terms from divers trades and callings. Most extraordinary of all are the 247 pages of material on proper names, an almost endless chapter but endlessly fascinating, with the happy spirits of Emerson and Whitman—those lovers of American names—hovering over its pages.

Like "Supplement I" this second volume conforms, chapter by chapter and section by section, to the plan of the fourth edition, and the two volumes are coordinated by numerous backward references to the earlier work. It is astounding how little they overlap. "The American Language" in its present—must I say its final?—form is actually two parallel works on the subject. The second sometimes corrects the first as well as supplements it, but it does not repeat it. The scheme will strike many readers, especially those who use the work for reference, as an architectural botch. It is easy to understand why Mr. Mencken should have quailed before the prospect of producing a wholly new fifth edition, but it is questionable

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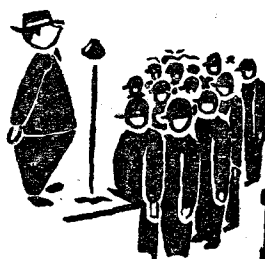
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 Here stop: these massive walls are dumb, where looked
 The Conqueror down, and saw the cobble-stones,
 His mother's eyes, the well; and lived here hidden.
 Iron borrows gold from darkness, borrows rust,
 Bringing its goldcoat like a ransom from the dust of battle.
 Shut it under earth, then dig it up; the crooked wreck
 Will twisted shine, as after its long sleep
 It cries for the edge of the air; and how it slipped
 Keen through live winds (now less than a memory) it alone
 knows.
 Nor what dark shames it carved in the world, jabbed deep,
 Thirsting for that wild blood, cast to the crypt,
 Can it quite hide, though it disguises these.
 Gold is patient; it can wait always; iron cannot wait.
 Iron is birdlike. Look, in a flash it passes,
 Light in black wings,
 Jackdaws above Falaise.

VERNON WATKINS

It's Just Like a New Magazine!

"THE CRITIC AND GUIDE" UNDERGOES EXTREME CHANGES IN FORM AND CONTENTS

Beginning with the June, 1948, number, *The Critic and Guide* doubles its actual size. Now it's 5½ x 8½ inches in size. This is a radical change which we're sure the readers will appreciate, for the former size—3½ x 5 inches—was too small. As for editorial contents, the changes are just as basic. The June, 1948, issue, contains a 40,000-word essay—every word of it—by Dr. B. Liber, famed psychiatrist and writer on medical, health and sociological subjects. Dr. Liber is that rare person—a scientist who is a fine stylist. He stands with Havelock Ellis as a scientific thinker and creator of excellent literature. When Dr. Liber rises to anger—as he does in this study—he becomes positively eloquent. His essay is a masterpiece of information, observation and literature. Dr. Liber's long essay is entitled:

HOW INTELLIGENT ARE WE?

In this important contribution to science and journalism, Dr. Liber offers a study of the mental inferiority of Americans, with a view to aiding our best minds to find a solution to an alarming situation before the damage rises to dangerous proportions.

Here are some of the chapter headings: Our Customs. Advertising and Publicity—a Crying Shame. Sports. Sex in the U.S.A. Money. Crime. Religion. Culture Among Americans. Our Credulity. Americans Abroad. Piety in High Places. Medicine. The Movies. The Comics. A Voice in the White House. Feminine Influence on U.S. Culture. The Radio and Culture. Art. The American Art Patron. Putting Over Dr. Freud. American Statesmen. The One-Party System. Labor. Disloyalty. Our Way of Life. Democracy in America. Liberals. Native Fascism. Socialists. The American Press. Manufacturing a War. Our International Politics. Liberals and Patched Up Reforms. Roosevelt's Intelligent Methods. Does Russia Want War? America and the Situation in China. The Remedy.

Dr. Liber's long essay—printed complete in a single issue of *The Critic and Guide*—is one of the most important papers ever to come from the presses of the Haldeman-Julius Publications. Subsequent issues will contain new, vital material that will surely make this periodical a must among alert, aware, intelligent readers. Subscribe for *The Critic and Guide* today—\$1.50 per year; three years for \$3. Foreign and Canada, \$2 per year; three years for \$4. Mail subscriptions to:

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whether the resort to supplements has, in the end, saved either the author or the reader.

That, however, is the only serious fault to be found with this admirable, useful, entertaining, and unique book. Mr. Knopf has announced that almost 80,000 copies of "The American Language" and "Supplement I" are in circulation. Not, I believe, since the days when Max Müller, Archbishop Trench, and William Dwight Whitney were popularizing the results of the first century of scientific work in Indo-European linguistics has a book on language, written in English, found so large a public. Its influence, difficult to trace in detail, has been wide and wholesome. American writing has been the better for it, and so has American linguistic scholarship. The work of an amateur, as Mr. Mencken has modestly but insistently explained, showing on not a few pages the limitations as well as the freedom of a non-professional approach to its subject, "The American Language" is fundamentally as sound in its scholarship as it is brilliant and comprehensive. It has taught the general public that a language is what it is and not what it is fancied to be; it has reminded professional students of language of something they know in theory and often forget in practice—that language is inseparable from the complete round of activities of those who speak it; it has helped some American writers to consider their own speech and to trust it.

"The American Language" has been, in a sense, Mr. Mencken's life work. It certainly has been his companion during the greater part of his professional life, but one must not call it his masterpiece. His master work, still uncollected and unedited, consists of a series of reviews, essays, letters, epigrams, dialogues, squibs, and miscellanea, most of them written before 1925, and now difficult of access in the files of the *Smart Set* and other magazines. Some of the best appeared in *The Nation*. Local and fugitive in subject, they are anything but ephemeral in form; they have the wit and grace of great satire and place their author beside Lucian, Swift, Heine, and Shaw. How much longer, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Knopf, must we wait for their fitting republication?

GEORGE GENZMER

Randall Jarrell's Landscape

LOSSES. By Randall Jarrell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

ALL poets inevitably inhabit mental landscapes, if one may enlarge the word "landscape" to include sea, sky, towns, and the waste land. Today it is strikingly apparent that American poets inhabit a landscape entirely different in time and place from that of European poets. The Europeans inhabit a landscape of disintegration; and their reactions are mainly either to accept and express disintegration or to transcend it by creating an interior, spiritual landscape of the mind. For Americans, on the other hand, their landscape is still the overwhelming actuality of their physical surroundings, their physical presence in the world. The American poet does not just create them; he clutches with desperation at his visual images as at straws in the midst of an ocean of immense isolation where he fears to be drowned. The remarkable originality of American writing is disconcerting to the rest of the world: because it is not at all sought out, it is the originality of the obvious, the external, the physical in enormous variety in a world where the rest of civilization seems dying. And the acuteness of the contrast is emphasized by the fact that America is involved in that death also.

It is important to point out this difference of background, for unless one is aware of it one falls into the more obvious stupidities which make most contemporary criticism of contemporary poetry wearisome. Unless one accepts the basic fact that we inhabit different worlds and epochs, one wastes a great amount of time. Witness the weary cock-crowing of the American literary reviews over English decline written in that critical vocabulary which is so deeply indebted to the stock-market reports, or witness the denigration of American poetry as external by English writers.

Mr. Jarrell's landscape is certainly the American one, and the first thing which strikes a European as odd is the relation of the material to the title of his new book. Mr. Jarrell's losses are not the center of his landscape: they are all at the edge, mostly on foreign soil, seen from an aeroplane. What gives his po-

etry its extraordinary cohesion and strength is the sense of a resolute, sharp-featured landscape, with the dreadful scene taking place on the islands, beyond the hills, out at sea, in the sky:

In the level light, over the fiery shores,
The plane circles stubbornly: the eyes
distending

With hatred and misery and longing,
stare

Over the blackening ocean for a corpse.
The fires are guttering; the dials fall,
A long dry shudder climbs along his
spine,

His fingers tremble; but his hard un-
changing stare

Moves unacceptingly: *I have a friend.*

That is precisely the situation—the corpse which is hard to find but which is nevertheless the corpse of a friend. There is an ambiguity about Mr. Jarrell's losses: they are real losses, but the body has not been found.

There is a parallel in this situation with the English Victorian writers, and, strange as it may seem, Mr. Jarrell often reminds me of Tennyson and Browning. Or rather this will not seem strange if I quote from "Orestes at Tauris," which is a long, odd failure, merging into the language of prize poems with which the English Victorian writers once took the stage:

So she looked; and yet in all that press
At Argos or Mycenae, or in all the
isles

You never saw her like: a face so fair!
She wet your hair, and smoothed it with
her hands,

Water ran down your face, and it looked
pale

Under those dark and darkening locks;
you shook them free,

And how ghastly it looked—your pale
anxious face!

This is Victorian Prize Poetry with a big V and two big P's, and to judge from Mr. Jarrell's remarks about Henry Reed when he does the same thing considerably better, I cannot believe that Mr. Jarrell himself likes it.

But I do not mean this when I associate Mr. Jarrell with Tennyson and Browning. I am thinking rather of these writers at their most idiomatic and best and in what was surely their strongest moral relation to their time. For example, of Tennyson when he wrote the "Northern Farmer," a dialect poem

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about the northerner's obsession with "propputy" which makes the same point as Mr. Jarrell's "Money" with its ending:

When my ma died I boarded with a farmer

In the next county; used to think of her,
And I looked round me, as I could,
And I saw what it added up to: money.
Now I'm dying—I can't call this living—
I haven't any cause to change my mind.

Other poems remind me of Browning in the mood of "The Italian in England":

When I woke the rabbit was gnawing
His great, slow, ragged bites
From the wood of the wired-in hutches,
And dusk had grayed the white
Leghorns hunched on the roofs of their run.

The train mourned below
For the captives—a thinning echo . . .
It all comes back to me now.

This has the elastic resilience which is Browningsque in the spirit which transcends mere imitation. The reasons for this resemblance lie indeed in a certain parallelism between the situation of Victorian England and that of America today. For America the sympathy with the victims of Nazism corresponded more closely to the sympathy felt by Browning with the Italian liberals than to the feelings of a contemporary European in the same situation. But of course there is an added element of grimness and horror. "A Camp in the Prussian Forest" has the elasticity, the jauntiness even, of Browning, but the confidence has become bitter and ironic:

I walk beside the prisoners to the road.
Load on puffed load,
Their corpses, stacked like sodden wood,
Lie barred or galled with blood. . . .

This poem is perhaps the most completely successful in the volume, and for proof I quote the ending, because often it is the directly expressed emotion which reveals an uncertainty on the level of feeling in Jarrell (though—as the wrapper of this book witnesses—other critics pay unstinting praise to his "cold hatred," or his being "tragic, witty, profoundly tender," revealing "inconsolable love," and so on).

But the ending of "A Camp in the Prussian Forest" really has an unaffected emotional force:

The needles of the wreath are chalked
with ash,
A filmy trash
Litters the black woods with the death
Of men; and one last breath

Curled from the monstrous chimney . . .
I laugh aloud
Again and again;
The star laughs from its rotting shroud
Of flesh. O star of men!

Perhaps the laughing aloud here has a little of that meretricious quality of "cold hatred" which appears more impressive today than it may in twenty years' time. But the "O star of men" is that which is most genuine in Randall Jarrell, a real feeling for humanity, despite the over-insistent irony. It is this that makes him, besides being a poet with a language of his own—as distinctive in its way as that of Robert Lowell—a mind of first-rate intelligence in his work, preoccupied with the question of the nature of man. That preoccupation, after all, bridges the gulf of our widely separated environments in the world today and explains why it is that Mr. Jarrell is eminently a "modern" involved in the same problems of human-

ity as Rilke, and Eluard, and Lorca: writers who seem not to have at all influenced his literary sensibility. His strength no doubt lies in putting them aside and working resolutely in the American visual tradition. This makes his criticism one-sided, but for a poet, the prejudice that makes his poetry is more important than the justice which makes his criticism.

STEPHEN SPENDER

The Algebra of Existence

THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA,
1910-1913. Edited by Max Brod.
Schocken Books. \$3.75.

THE appearance of Kafka's diaries is likely to provoke the kind of criticism that assumes a statement about his neurosis to constitute a meaningful comment on his writing. Yet his works—and this is true even of these private diaries—are self-contained structures that need no biographical buttressing. The one Kafka story that seems most intimate in its meanings, "Metamorphosis," can be properly read though one knows nothing about its author's relationship with his father; such knowledge would illuminate Kafka's motives for composing the story but would not necessarily clarify its objective meaning. For Kafka's mature writings are universal in scope and reference—either that or they are nothing.

As one reads these magnificent diaries, the most intimate entries seem not nearly so important as those that can be taken as evidence of how Kafka wrote and what he meant. No doubt every reader will be moved more than he might wish to be by the personal aspects of the diaries: Kafka's account of his uninterminated struggle to decide between bourgeois normality and artistic deviation, of his recurrent hopes for a "possible future wife and possible child," and of his weary attempt to break away from, even while yearning to come closer to, his father. Here was a man obsessed by scruple, by a quest for the central rightness of truth and the need constantly to recast and refine it. His neurosis was the result not simply of weakness but also of moral strength, not merely of his failure to adjust to the world but, ultimately more important, of the failure of the world to adjust to him.

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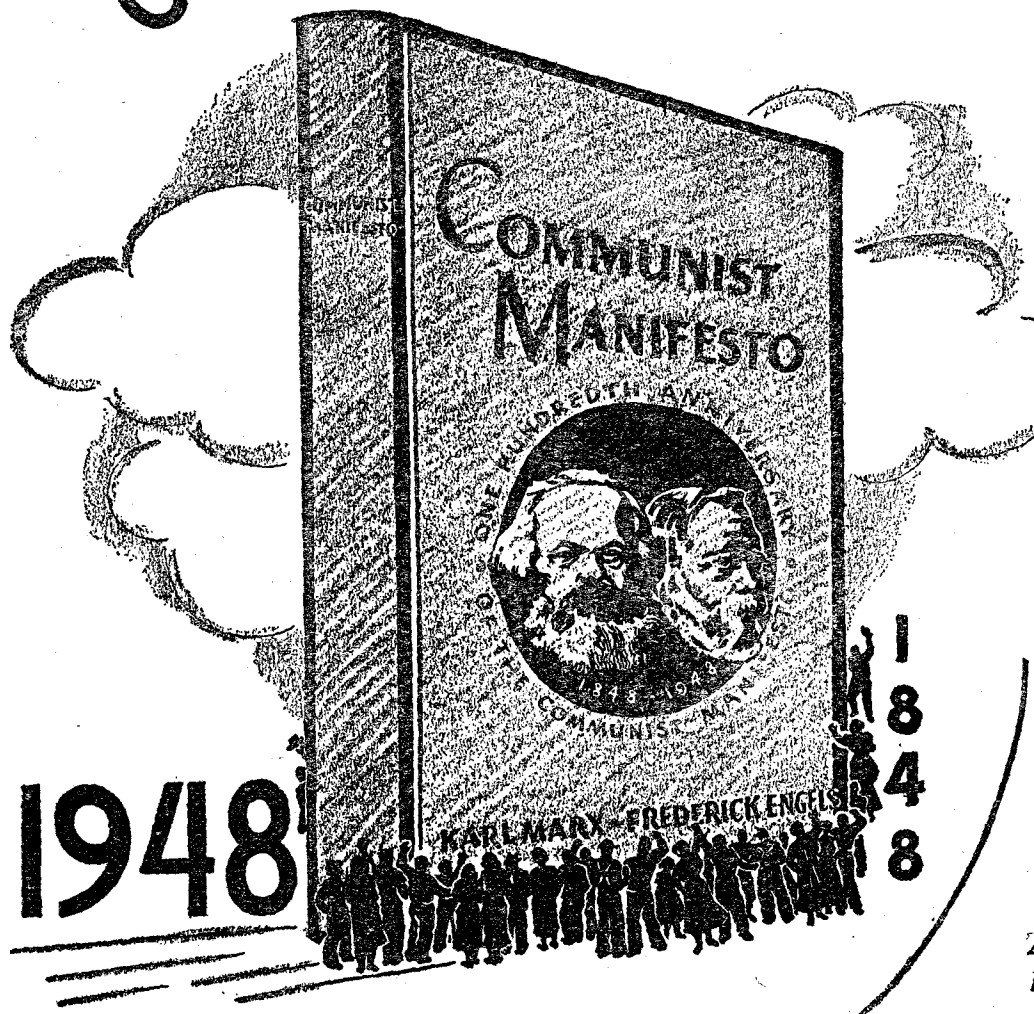
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Yet for all their undertones of tragedy and their revelation of one of the few completely admirable personalities of this century, these diaries will yield most if read as a preparatory notebook rather than a personal record. Throughout their pages are strewn the most remarkable narrative fragments. When Kafka records a specific incident from his own experience, the writing is good enough but not yet characteristically Kafkan. But as soon as he begins to *work* on his material, to transmute it from a bounded incident or observation into one of those little stories that seem to encompass nothing less than the universe itself, his genius comes to full and quick blaze.

In the section for 1910 there is a group of entries that reveals exactly what happens when he strips an experience to reach its core. He begins with an autobiographical entry that is not at all extraordinary: he bemoans his poor education. He then reworks the passage five times. In the second version we are suddenly startled by a phrase that might well appear in "The Trial": he wonders if "the point of the dagger won't sud-

denly appear sometime in front, in back, or from the side." As Kafka reworks the original statement, its meaning keeps moving away from its source and toward dramatic inclusiveness—here he is writing not only about Kafka but about all of us. Each new version moves outward in meaning, until in the last one Kafka brutally compresses his statement into its final form. It now seems on the face of it merely a replica of the original private entry, but what we really have is a finished piece of writing in which private experience, philosophical generalization, and dramatic image are merged.

Like unfulfilled but tempting promises, these narrative fragments wander through the diaries. In a few words they establish the authentic Kafka atmosphere: "Out of a house there stepped four armed men. Each held a halberd upright before him. Now and then one of them looked to the rear to see whether he was coming on whose account they were standing here. It was early in the morning, the street was entirely empty."

After reading dozens of such entries, one must conclude that by the time he was twenty-seven or twenty-eight Kafka had already reached that creative eminence which Hermann Broch calls "the style of old age." Broch describes this style as "a kind of abstractism in which the expression relies less and less on the vocabulary, which finally becomes reduced to a few prime symbols, and instead relies more and more on the syntax. . . . The artist who has reached this point is beyond art. He still produces art, but all the minor and specific problems with which art in its worldly phase usually deals have lost interest for him . . . his attitude approximates that of the scientist, with whom he shares the concern for expressing the universe. . . ."

Accordingly, these narrative fragments, like Kafka's major works, are neither the usual kind of story-telling nor the usual kind of exposition of ideas. Breaking sharply from the traditional Western novel, Kafka offers no individualized psychological characterization and no specific settings of time and place. Nor is there any formal statement of ideas; on the few occasions Kafka tries that he is banal and dull. Instead, there are dramatic constructs in which Kafka reveals the algebra of existence and in which tragedy and

comedy are merely varying recognitions that the terms of this algebra never equate. What Broch calls "all the minor and specific problems" are discarded, and in their place arise the skeletal patterns of the human situation. Incommensurability and discrepancy become Kafka's basic theme. Between man and his image of himself, between man and his God, between man and his unconscious, between man and his Utopia, between man and his death—what does it matter which of these disjunctions is "meant" by Kafka when it is so possible that he could have meant all of them? In Kafka all of man's queries are raised, all his hopes explored, all his ways charted; but none settled. Whatever man's trial may be, whatever the castle to which he aspires, Kafka has written, in the three-line entries of these diaries as well as in his full-length novels, one of the great records of the endurance of that trial and the quest for that castle.

IRVING HOWE

History of Magic

THE MIRROR OF MAGIC: A History of Magic in the Western World. By Kurt Seligmann. Pantheon Books. \$8.50.

THERE are several points of view from which the history of magic may be made interesting. You can study it anthropologically in connection with religion and morals. You can study it psychologically in the light of Freud and Jung or some other such line of inquiry. You can study it in relation to the history of society and try to show how magical concepts have been influenced by social processes. You can show how the researches of the mages had a truly scientific element and are involved with the history of science. You can look into the supposed supernatural phenomena of "envôutement," vampires and werewolves, as the late William Seabrook did, with the idea of finding natural explanations. Or you can approach the record of thaumaturgy, as John Milholland does, as an expert in professional conjuring.

Kurt Seligmann's point of view is not that of any of these fields of thought—though he touches on most if not all of them. Thus he gives some attention to the witch cult as a revolt against the medieval church, and lists

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in passing some of the chemical discoveries stumbled upon by the medieval alchemists. But his interest in magic is mainly that of a painter of the surrealist school—that is, it is an interest in the picturesque. Occultism has been one of the sources upon which the surrealist movement has drawn in its effort to get away from the commonplace logic of modern life; and the 255 curious pictures, from old woodcuts, engravings, and paintings, that illustrate "The Mirror of Magic" provide a rich store of motifs for the fantasia of surrealist painting. Yet the text of the book itself is not at all in the surrealist vein, and though the author does emphasize instances, which he regards as well-authenticated, of the reported transmutation of base metals into gold, his attitude seems generally quite rationalistic. The chief value of the work for the ordinary reader will be that of a reference book. The first chapters, which deal with the ancient world, are a more or less unprofitable hodgepodge, because you cannot discuss the mythology, the ritual, and the metaphysics of Judea, Greece, and Rome from a narrowly thaumaturgic point of view and make any real sense of these subjects. But beginning with the section on alchemy the book becomes more satisfactory; and if you want a brief but solid account of the alchemists, of Rosicrucianism, of the career of Nostradamus or the Comte de Saint-Germain, of the Cabala, astrology, palm-reading, or the Tarot pack of cards, you probably could not do better than look the subject up in "The Mirror."

The odd thing about the book, however, as the work of an imaginative artist, is not merely that it is so little surrealist but that it gives so little place to imaginative art. You would expect to find Bosch and Callot with their orgies of demonology, Mozart and the Free Masons, Huysmans and Gilles de Retz, Ben Jonson's comedy "The Alchemist," which takes you behind the scenes of the charlatanism that played so large a part in this profession. But so far as I have been able to discover, there is no mention of any of these matters. Mr. Seligmann's intellectual range, surrealist though he is, seems that of a Swiss professor. But as such he has not done a bad job.

EDMUND WILSON

Max Eastman: An Upper-Case History

ENJOYMENT OF LIVING. By Max Eastman. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

MAX EASTMAN must have been in an ironic mood when he put the title on this 600-page half-length autobiography. With the exception of the *May Days* of the rowdy old *Masses*, which he so brilliantly edited for the five tumultuous years of its existence, Max's career, up to 1917 at any rate, when the book ends and when the author tells us his life really began, had precious little *joie de vivre* in it. It was full of frustrations, stemming from a "frightened childhood," easy surrenders to black despairs, and somber meditations on the futility of it all.

For the army of Max's devoted friends who love him for his drawling humor, his fine poetic gifts, and his often penetrating comments on men and events, and for his enemies as well, headed by the tight-lipped Stalinists who hate him for his gallant defense of Trotsky and his contemptuous rejection of the dictatorship, there are many surprises in this often embarrassingly candid confessional.

Max's seeming arrogance may indeed, as he would have us believe, be no more than a mask for his essential shyness. His dogged pursuit of happiness in a tragic world makes him at times appear more coldly calculating than he really is. His childish clamoring for attention, even now when he has behind him such splendid performances as may be found in many of his poems and especially his pioneering "Enjoyment of Poetry," may well be due to the fact that both his mother and his first wife were egregiously chary of praise. There is in him a feminine gentleness and cattishness as well, a high pride and a deep humility which come out in the autobiography to make him the contradictory, cantankerous, but always charming personality that he is.

Much of the book is devoted to a Freudian self-analysis, although he gives credit to a non-Freudian Maine doctor for curing the backaches which perennially followed every frustrated love affair. Now he sees his many afflictions as psychosomatic. However, the Freudians continued to fascinate him, and he went to Smith Ely Jelliffe and to A. A.

Brill rather to study their techniques than to accept their analyses. Jelliffe attributed the class-struggle socialism at which Max had arrived in 1912 at the age of twenty-nine to his "Oedipus situation, the hostility to the father working itself out in prejudiced radicalism."

Max quite rightly rejects this glibly ignorant formula, which is still used by many of the couch and notebook lads today to persuade radicals that they must "adjust" themselves to the greed and cruelty of the profit system. He gives us at great length his own analysis of his early failures at love-making and the break-up of his first marriage. Significantly enough, he had hives on his overseas honeymoon, and he was attacked by bedbugs in Gibraltar and fleas in Tangier, experiences hardly conducive to the enjoyment of either living or loving. He went through the ordeal, he says, as "companionable as a Jersey cow in fly time," constantly asking himself whether or not he had made a mistake in marrying.

Max had a double-barreled religious upbringing. Both his parents were min-

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isters. His mother, whose portrait he painted so tenderly in "Heroes I Have Known," was one of the first of her sex to be ordained in this country, carrying on where her invalid husband left off. Max, who for a while, believe it or not, lived in the Elmira, New York, church where his mother was the associate of the free-thinking Thomas K. Beecher, half-brother of Henry Ward, was so definitely dominated by this wise, witty, and eloquent woman that he developed what in retrospect he identifies as a "mother fixation." His mother was a depressive type, who grieved long over the loss of her first-born infant son and over the loss too of her love for her somewhat forbidding husband. Max, sensitive to her every mood, went through a *Sturm und Drang* period which makes the sorrows of Werther seem trivial by comparison.

For those who are not as excited about the insides of Max Eastman as he is, the accounts of his discovery of Greenwich Village in the days before World War I and the colorful hell-raising of the *Masses* contributors are lively reading. There will undoubtedly be a

sequel to this superbly written book, carrying the author through the trial of the *Masses* editors, the Russian revolution, and more love affairs until he winds up safe in the arms of DeWitt Wallace and the *Reader's Digest* (God forgive him). For Max, like so many other disillusioned revolutionists, has thrown out the baby with the bath. In repudiating neo-communism he seems to feel it necessary to deny the validity of fundamental Marxism, which of course the Stalinists long ago abandoned. Now he wanders, a rather forlorn Tomlinson, in a world where the most unlikely word to join with "living" is "enjoyment." MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Guide to Le Corbusier

NEW WORLD OF SPACE. By Le-Corbusier. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$6.

IT IS extraordinarily difficult to speak of Le Corbusier in measured terms: a fighter, he vituperates his enemies and praises himself without stint. He sees "violence" even in the Parthenon. The critic must discriminate, in his stormy

career, between his ideas, his personality, and his achievements. His battle cry, "Down with traditional, academic ornament, as destructive both of originality and efficiency," is unimpeachable. Half a century ago, when an architect had to build a railroad station, he asked himself: "Gothic? Roman? Beaux-Arts? Romanesque?"—a fine range of choice between absurdities. In this functionalist campaign Le Corbusier has been the most vehement controversialist but not the most cogent.

Technically he advocates the tall building, although his best works are small villas. His trademarks are the use of a few heavy pillars instead of foundation walls, and of the "sun-breaker," a contraption on the principle of the Venetian blind, but composed of larger elements, useful in semi-tropical countries and architecturally pleasing. According to photographs, the Ministry of Education in Rio de Janeiro, inspired by his ideas, is a successful structure; and the Normal School in Mexico is impressive without being too uncomfortable.

This book—we might almost say this album—is a Le Corbusier encyclopedia. It offers samples not only of his architectural and city-planning efforts but of his paintings as well. He expresses the hope that "some day through unanimous effort unity will reign once more in the major arts." I do not like unanimity and unity: they cannot be attained without enforced conformity, which means orthodoxy, totalitarianism, hundred-percentism. Give me pluralism, that is, the liberty to differ. The foundation of Le Corbusier's art, according to this volume, is the discovery of "ineffable space," a "miracle" to which he writes an impassioned ode. I was under the impression that space had been discovered before. His work-tool is the "Modulor," a scale combining the golden mean and the proportions of the human body.

The slim but handsome book is a convenient guide to Le Corbusier's manifold activities. The illustrations fill about four-fifths of the volume. The text gives us biographical notes, lyrical effusions, violent denunciations, with a convenient list of works. The statement that Le Corbusier is "the chief architect of France's Ministry of Reconstruction" must be taken *cum grano*. He was in-

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trusted with the planning of very minor towns—Saint-Dié, Saint-Gaudens, La Pallice. His chief project at present is a huge apartment house for Marseilles. As usual, it has created a storm.

ALBERT GUERARD

Major Americans

JEFFERSON THE VIRGINIAN. By Dumas Malone. Little, Brown and Company. \$6.

JAMES MADISON THE NATIONALIST: 1780-1787. By Irving Brant. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$6.

A SERIOUS shortcoming of our historical writing is the lack of comprehensive biographies of major Americans. Although we have satisfactory lives of second-rank Presidents like Polk and Cleveland, of distinguished public men like Hay and Root, and of influential non-political leaders like Irving and Parker, there is a deplorable scarcity when we come to men of the caliber of Washington, Monroe, Calhoun, and the two Adamsses. Neglect of recent leaders is understandable because of restrictions on personal papers and lack of sufficient monograph material, but how can we explain similar lacunae for earlier years? One reason, I suspect, is that Jeffersons cannot be properly handled in a single volume, and most American readers dislike multi-volumed "lives and times," an aversion that is paralleled by a distaste for narrative history in the Prescott-Parkman tradition. With a few outstanding exceptions, such as Beveridge's "Marshall" and Freeman's "Lee," twentieth-century biography in the United States has emphasized compression and avoided the leisurely pace and broad canvas of a Monypenny and Buckle. Happily a few courageous authors and publishers are now reversing that trend. Full-scale portraits of Jefferson and Madison are coming out; and we may soon expect similar ones of Washington, Clay, Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt.

"Jefferson the Virginian" is the first of four volumes projected by Dumas Malone under the collective title of "Jefferson and His Time." Certainly four are none too many for the author of the Declaration of Independence. Among the trinity of American immor-

tals Jefferson surpassed both Washington and Lincoln in the rich diversity of his achievements; certainly his more complex character has received a greater variety of interpretation. To quote Mr. Malone, "No historic American, except possibly Benjamin Franklin, played so notable a part in so many important fields of activity and thought: government, law, religion, education, agriculture, science, philosophy. . . . It is doubtful if any other public man in all our annals is equally interesting to so many sorts of minds." Mr. Malone (who is professor of history at Columbia and chief editor of the monumental "Dictionary of American Biography") despairs of ever doing a definitive life of this versatile disciple of the Enlightenment, but he does aspire to a comprehensive one that will relate Jefferson's career to his age, reveal his many-sided character, and depict by careful adherence to chronology a changing, not a static, personality. His entire work will have four parts: The Virginian (1743-1784), The Democrat (1784-1801), The President (1801-1809), and The Sage (1809-1826).

This first volume covers almost half of Jefferson's life. The central episode is the American Revolution, which transformed a prosperous young planter—trained in law, experienced in local government, and committed to a quiet domestic and intellectual life on his mountain top—into a champion of colonial rights, a spokesman for independence, an exponent of bold social legislation, and a harassed executive of an invaded commonwealth. Students of the period will not find any startling conclusions in these somewhat colorless pages, for the author has not tried to invent a new Jefferson or predict how he would feel about the Marshall Plan. The general reader, however, will obtain a balanced, judicious, and unbiased account, the best now available.

Some points Mr. Malone emphasizes, whether novel or not. Jefferson was not in any sense a product of the frontier, though he was interested in the development of the West. He was born to a privileged position but loathed all forms of artificial aristocracy. In his Virginia years he had no reputation as a skilful politician—that role belonged to Patrick Henry—but he did uphold ideas that appealed to the common man.

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He was practical, not theoretical; the only time his zeal outran his judgment was in "A Summary View." The Declaration of Independence was cast in the language of controversy, not scholarship; it was intended to express existing beliefs, not propound new ones. Although Jefferson called Virginia "my country," his outlook was continental, not provincial. As governor he was neither irresolute nor lacking in administrative ability. His powers were limited; and when the situation called for dictatorial action, Jefferson did not respond. He was caught off guard by Arnold's incursion in January, 1781, but the consequences were fatal neither to liberalism in the Old Dominion nor to Jefferson's standing among his neighbors. Most of all Mr. Malone stresses the years from 1776 to 1779 in the Virginia legislature. During that creative period Jefferson attacked entailed lands, mitigated harsh punishments for crime, revised outmoded statute law, drove a wedge between church and state, and advocated wider educational facilities for the talented. At no other time in his long career was the essence of his phi-

losophy and statesmanship so unmistakably revealed.

Unfortunately this biography, while always interesting and sometimes instructive, is seldom exciting. The fault may be Jefferson's rather than Malone's. Our third President was not a man of action. In the long-drawn-out revolutionary struggle he was neither a military commander like Washington nor a popular tribune like Henry. Where Hamilton, Marshall, and Monroe fought on the battlefield, Jefferson labored in the legislative chamber. At times his domestic situation required withdrawal from public life. Even the bitter contest over his revised statutes in Virginia was waged largely by others after he had left for Europe. The biographer's task is rendered still more difficult by the fact that Jefferson the Virginian was shy and sensitive, reticent about his personal affairs and affections, more at ease among men than among women, and at his best in small groups. He did not learn to banter until he returned from abroad, and the "tall tales" came in later years, after 1784. After reading this carefully documented, well-rounded,

but somewhat uninspired account, most people will agree with Mr. Malone that "Jefferson was a hard man to know intimately, and still is."

"James Madison the Nationalist" is the work of a journalist turned historian. Although lacking Mr. Malone's rigorous scholarship, Irving Brant has done a competent job of research; and he writes with a verve, pungency, and humor that Mr. Malone lacks. Brant's is a hard-hitting, partisan book that does more than belated justice to his subject. Heroes and villains abound, and although some of the judgments on men may be questioned and Madison's importance is slightly exaggerated, the picture is essentially correct. It is also a more novel contribution than Mr. Malone's. The central theme is that Madison, both in the Continental Congress and the Virginia House of Delegates, proved himself before 1787 to be as ardent a nationalist as Hamilton. He was, in Mr. Brant's words, "the champion of American nationhood against divisive provincialism, of republican government against monarchy or aristocracy, of the general welfare against the selfish policies of individual states, and of the common run of humanity against speculators and profiteers." Reading a sweeping doctrine of implied powers into the Articles of Confederation, Madison battled for national supremacy, national dignity, national fiscal policies, and national observance of foreign obligations. He did not hesitate to oppose his own state when it blocked national undertakings; he frequently voted against his own economic interests. In the Virginia legislature Madison carried to completion many of Jefferson's reforms, notably the Statute of Religious Freedom; but no more than his master did he solve the perplexing problem of slavery.

But again Madison, like Jefferson, cannot easily be made lively or lifelike. Once more we have the shy, retiring man of ideas, not of deeds. It takes a minute examination of the undramatic and inconclusive proceedings of the Continental Congress to lay bare Madison's true worth, and few readers will have the hardihood or patience to follow the enthusiastic author through three hundred pages devoted to three years. Mr. Brant conclusively shows that Madison was not the disembodied brain

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portrayed by some of his biographers, but even so he cannot make our fourth President an exciting person.

A more fundamental criticism concerns the scope of the work. The first instalment, subtitled "The Virginia Revolutionist: 1751-1780," appeared in 1941. The present one spans seven years and takes Madison to the eve of the Federal Convention. If the current rate of advance is maintained, another volume will be needed for the formation and ratification of the Constitution, one or two for the stormy Federalist regime, at least one for Madison's tribulations as Secretary of State, perhaps two or three for the Presidency, and certainly a final one for retirement. That would be Monypenny and Buckle with a vengeance. Mr. Brant does not commit himself to such a schedule; but he will soon be faced with the alternative of curtailing his masterpiece just as the climax is reached or of finishing it on so colossal a scale as to defeat his very purpose of restoring Madison to his rightful place in history. Four volumes on Jefferson's heir make sense; eight do not.

Although neither "Jefferson the Virginian" nor "Madison the Nationalist" is likely to become a best-seller, both may be commended to the general reader and scholar alike. It is regrettable that the price tag on each must tend to keep them out of the hands of both groups.

RICHARD W. LEOPOLD

Health for the People

DOCTORS OF TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Michael A. Shadid, M.D. Cooperative League of the United States. \$2.25.

140 MILLION PATIENTS. By Carl Malmberg. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.75; Paper Edition \$1.

BOTH of these books, though they are very different from each other, exemplify the widespread present interest in making good medical care more fully available. In Dr. Shadid's volume we have the epistle of a medical knight-errant who has won a long fight against "organized medicine" to establish a community hospital in western Oklahoma and is now toiling with voice and pen to spread the gospel of cooperative medicine throughout the United States.

Here is the stirring personal story of the Syrian-born immigrant who climbed the long, hard road through medical school and who has since spent his life working out his ideals of service. Here is a doctor's indictment of abuses in current medical practice as he has seen them—commercialism, incompetence, the protection of incompetence in the name of "ethics," the restrictions imposed by the American Medical Association, its state and local societies, upon the freedom of physicians and laymen to try new experiments in organizing or paying for medical services.

The constructive half of the book is his testament of faith and his blueprints telling how to organize a medical co-operative. Dr. Shadid's patterns derive from an individual experience, not from comparative studies of the many—though far too few—experiments combining consumer-sponsored health-insurance plans with the group practice of medicine. His book should stimulate rural people to use the cooperative principle in order to get much-needed doctors and hospitals into their neighborhoods and to support their services.

Mr. Malmberg's compact, meaty, attractive volume mixes scholarship and journalism. As chief investigator for a subcommittee of the United States Senate surveying health needs and medical man-power, he had opportunity to come widely in touch with unmet needs and plans to meet them. He is careful in presenting and documenting data, although his point of view has influenced his selections and interpretations. As a writer concerned with telling a good story, he has packed into brief compass and unusually readable form masses of facts about such questions as these: How healthy are the people of the United States? What does sickness cost and who pays the bills? How good is American medical care? He is a wholesome evangel too. He is for national health insurance, such as President Truman has recommended. His concluding chapters explain and plead for the pending federal legislation designed to carry out this program. He takes off his gloves to go after its opponents and to show the inadequacy of proposed substitutes. Writers, debaters, and discussion groups will find his volume tailored to their needs.

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Grierson as Critic

GRIERSON ON DOCUMENTARY.

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THE specific problem of movie criticism is the distance between the movie and the critic. Our few good film critics have been spectators only; therefore they respond in terms of taste, morality, and feeling, but not on the level that merges all of these with an intimate sense of craft. Yet it is mainly in technique that the film has shown its genius. "The observation of technical skill," John Grierson wrote in 1935, "is the only decent gambit available to a disheartening, sycophantic, and largely contemptible pursuit." Our critics have not been equipped to follow this advice, and perhaps fortunately, since very little of human interest about movies could be conveyed through purely technical criticism. Divorced from the actual sources of the medium, some critics have tried to give the film material significance outside the terms of craft; thus we get psychopolitical history in Krakauer and the treatment of film as folklore in Tyler. But the primary need is for a critic of taste and culture willing to face movies simultaneously on all their levels—technical, moral, aesthetic, and visceral.

Had he not graduated into the higher ranks of officialdom, we might perhaps have had in John Grierson something close to this kind of critic. By far the best and most impressive parts of "Grierson on Documentary" are the jaunty, spirited, witty, and perceptive comments on films and directors of the thirties. There is at least one profounder critic, but none that responds more

spontaneously to films in terms of camera and direction, as well as ideology and aesthetics. His review of Pabst's "Don Quixote" notes the contrast between the commanding presence of Chaplin and the cabined and confined backgrounds "with an over-filtered photography depriving them of their last vestige of air. . . . How except against images of isolation is Quixote conceivable?"

Grierson has his say on Chaplin, the Marx Brothers, and two dozen assorted directors. I think he is wrong in his unfavorable view of "Modern Times," but his reasons are not trivial, as they almost never are in spite of a recurrent collegiatism of manner. Having worked and lived in its orbit for a good many years, Grierson takes the cinema seriously, and it is this that gives point to even his most flippant judgments.

An unregenerate feeling for eccentricity saved Grierson from the errors of his more pliable fellow-critics in regard to socially conscious films. At the height of the popular-front era he found himself intensely disliking "Dead End." "It looks at people distantly, like fish" . . . whereas "except to sympathizers from without their dreams of escape are not more important than the rich grip on life they already signify." About the Steiner-Van Dyke documentary essay "The City" he notes that "their cameras get an edge on and defeat their theories," revealing the rural-suburban paradise as neat and aseptic ("fine shapes but no apple jack") and coming to life only when they reach the disgraceful city streets and clamor. "It would be a pity if we achieved everything and lost our sense of smell."

But Grierson has lately been inclined to treat movies as a weapon instead of an art. This is sad, because no amount of subsidiary blasphemy can remove the taint of dull piety from his didactic writings on education, propaganda, and democracy. His recent ventures in documentary put their emphasis on speed and number, on films as social pills: "If our stuff pretends to be certain, it's because people need certainty. . . . If the manner is objective and hard, it's because we believe the next phase of human development needs that kind of mental approach." Grierson has always been fighting his own "rotten" individualistic impulses and centering his hopes on government action. The unusual freedom given him and his talented disciples in the British Empire Marketing Board and the General Post Office led him to an overhasty generalization about the benign intentions of governments with respect to artists. In 1935 he was able to write, after blaming the "bohemian self-indulgence" of Russian film directors on excessive freedom, "For the future one may leave them safely to the consideration of the Central Committee."

It is something to ponder, though, that a minor government bureau in Britain became the patron of a new film art, the documentary. And even more striking is the fact that a group of enthusiastic young social reformers should have had sufficient respect for the instrument they were using to study Eisenstein and Pudovkin, to bring in Robert Flaherty from America and Alberto Cavalcanti from France to make films and give advice, and most of all to experiment so resourcefully on their own.

NATHAN GLICK

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Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E Flat (from the *Clavierübung*), Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Fugue in D minor on the chorale "Wir glauben all' an einen Gott," Toccata in F, played by E. Power Biggs on the organ of St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University (Columbia Set 728, \$7.10).

Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, played by Jeanne Demessieux on the organ in St. Mark's, North Audley Street, London (English Decca K. 1635, \$2.10).

Bach's Toccatas and Fugues in D minor, F major, and E major, played by Carl Weinrich on the Praetorius organ of the Westminster Choir College, Princeton (reissue of Musicraft Set 36, \$4.85).

Bach's Preludes and Fugues in A minor, A major, and C major, played by Weinrich on the Aeolian-Skinner organ of the Temple of Religion at the World's Fair of 1939 (Musicraft Set 80, \$4.85).

Bach's Eight Little Preludes and Fugues, played by Ernest White on his Aeolian-Skinner organ (Technichord Set T-10, \$7.45).

Bach's Fugue à la Gigue in G, Mozart's Fantasy K. 608, Mendelssohn's Sonata Opus 65, Dupré's Prelude and Fugue Opus 7 No. 3, played by Virgil Fox on the organ of the John Hays Hammond Museum in Gloucester, Mass. (Victor Set 1177, \$7.25).

Biggs's well-paced and shaped performances come off the records so blurred by reverberation that I don't think anyone who didn't already know the opening theme of the Prelude in E flat would be able to tell what its sounds are. Schweitzer's old performance of the G minor may be excessively slow and plain; but it is clear.

Some English comments on the Decca D minor Toccata and Fugue had me expecting marvels in performance and recording; and the reproduction of low notes is in fact amazing. But some of the high notes sound far away and weak; and when Mlle. Demessieux plays them in one of her erratically fast

tempos they are unclear. Those tempos are only one of the erratic details that make her performance unsatisfactory. Weinrich, on the other hand, drives through the Prelude metronomically as though determined to sterilize it of the slightest expressive and rhetorical effect; and the performance is reproduced not only with unfailing clarity but in an acoustic deadness that is like a blow at the end of each sound, and also a little sharp in pitch. The best version of this work remains the Columbia performance by Commette. Weinrich's performances of the F major and E major are quite acceptable; and though their recorded sound is excessively dry its clarity makes his version of the F major Toccata preferable to Biggs's. I might add that I don't find the F major Fugue and the entire E major work very interesting as music. And that the surfaces in this set are very noisy.

Weinrich's performances of the Preludes and Fugues are more relaxed and expansive, and therefore more effective and satisfying; but their recorded sound is hard and brash in a way that makes the performance of the great A minor Fugue much less agreeable to listen to than the excessively slow Schweitzer performance. The A major and C major are pleasant.

I find the little Preludes, with their developed figurations, more substantial and engaging than the Fugues, which—with the exception of No. 7—don't work up into much. White's straightforward performances—on one unvaried level of intensity much of the time—are reproduced with a hard, bright clarity. A small score is provided with the set.

The best performances are Fox's; and they are also the best reproduced. I find the Bach piece engaging; but I don't care for the Mendelssohn and Dupré; and I find only the majestic opening passage of the Mozart impressive.

Note: The Reiner-Pittsburgh Symphony performance of Mozart's G minor Symphony recently issued by Columbia is as badly reproduced by the shellac records as by the vinylite.

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CONTRIBUTORS

MARTIN GUMPERT, a New York physician, is the author of "You Are Younger Than You Think."

VERNON WATKINS, an English poet, will have an American edition of his poems published this spring.

STEPHEN SPENDER, English poet and critic, is lecturing this year at Sarah Lawrence College.

ALBERT J. GUERARD, Sr., has just published his autobiography, "Personal Equation."

RICHARD W. LEOPOLD is assistant professor of history at Harvard.

MICHAEL M. DAVIS is chairman of the Committee on Research in Medical Economics.

Letters to the Editors

Idiots' Delight in Berlin

Dear Sirs: I have been wondering how much publicity newspapers in the United States have been giving to the recent "Berlin incident." The *Stars and Stripes* here has been headlining the story for days. One gets the impression that the Russians have taken what amounts to aggressive action. All they have actually done is to demand that personnel traveling through their occupation zone be subject to routine clearances. In the past all trains traveling from Frankfurt to Berlin have been unhindered by Soviet officials. Now the Russians want to keep a close check on all persons, particularly German nationals, who enter or leave their zone. In placing the new restrictions on interzonal travel, the Soviets were doing no more than the French did in their occupation zone last year. Indeed, the French went farther; they charged customs' fees for certain goods brought into the zone.

If Berlin was "isolated" by the new Russian move, then the fault lies with American occupation officials, who, unwilling to comply with the Russians' legitimate demand, preferred to cancel all train trips between Berlin and the American zone.

At first glance it would seem that General Clay was just being proud, that rather than allow his trains to be inspected by Soviet officials he decided to divert all passengers and freight on the Frankfurt-Berlin route to air-force transports. This, even though the Russians were not interested in checking Allied soldiers and civilians, but were concerned solely with German nationals.

The real reason for the army's reluctance to permit the extensive checks upon which the Soviets insist is not too difficult to guess. It is no secret that the United States has numerous intelligence agents in the Soviet zone of Germany, many of them German citizens, many who are Americans with forged German papers. The Russians have already apprehended several Germans with forged documents and, naturally, are anxious to prevent the influx of such unauthorized persons, particularly when they are secretly in the employ of the United States. This is the motive of Russia's action, and no informed American over here denies that the Soviets are perfectly justified in their action.

That the Americans should be uneasy about the checking of papers is, then, not surprising. It is not a question of pride. One's spies must not get caught. The Soviet military governor, in announcing the arrest of several unauthorized persons, intimated that General Clay should be equally perturbed that persons with forged papers are crossing zonal borders.

This is just one of many incidents in recent weeks which have served to strengthen many Americans over here in their belief that Berlin is taking on the aspect of another Corregidor, and the Americans there are being groomed as heroes.

All of which disgusts me, and makes me look forward even more eagerly than previously to my discharge next December.

JAMES MCLANE

Frankfurt, Germany, April 10

Story of a Teacher

Dear Sirs: It has been a matter of some surprise to me that *The Nation* has not yet carried any report on the "affair" at East High School, Buffalo, New York. Miss Eleanor Dushane, a teacher of French and social studies with twenty-two years of experience in Buffalo schools, has been forced to take a sick leave although she is not sick and "inefficient" as charged. Her actual sickness consists in holding religious and political beliefs which her principal does not share.

The case began in May, 1946, when Miss Dushane posted on a bulletin board a notice of a lecture to be given at the First Unitarian Church of Buffalo by Max Lerner, then an editor of *PM*. The poster was torn down, and she was summoned to the principal's office, where she was told that Max Lerner was a Communist (needless to say, a ridiculous untruth) and that therefore she was guilty of Communist teaching. The principal then filed a complaint with the Board of Education, charging her with various kinds of subversive teaching, including the recommendation to her students of such journals as *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, and *PM*. The board cleared her of the subversive charges, and the principal was reprimanded.

During the following school term Miss Dushane became the object of a seemingly planned campaign of terror.

She was sent numerous anonymous letters, many of them vile in tone, and on one occasion received a package of human excrement through the mail. Her students also received anonymous letters telling them that their teacher was a Communist, that she was under surveillance by the FBI, and that they had better avoid contact with her. Her movements were watched by a "spy ring" which frightened her students. One boy who borrowed a copy of *PM* from Miss Dushane was "apprehended" with it at some distance from his classroom. He was warned against "that Communist," and was later given a hectoring interview by the principal, Charles H. Costello, in the presence of a Catholic priest.

Another student, in the presence of the same priest, was confronted with several magazines, including *The Nation*, a notebook containing the names of students who borrowed books from Miss Dushane, and a set of her teaching notes. In a sworn affidavit this student later stated that the articles had been taken from Miss Dushane's classroom—some of them, of course, must have come from her desk.

After nearly a full term of this kind of activity against Miss Dushane a series of news stories began to appear in Buffalo papers accusing an unnamed teacher at an unnamed high school of subversive and communistic teaching. The series was purportedly inspired by the complaints of irate parents. No such irate parents, however, have yet made themselves publicly known. At the request of the Board of Education the superintendent of schools conducted another investigation into the matter, and again cleared Miss Dushane of all accusations of subversive teaching. He recommended, however, that Miss Dushane accept sick leave for the remainder of the year or that she submit to a physical and mental examination by a doctor chosen by the board. The loss of pay involved in taking a year's sick leave amounts in effect to a fine of \$1,500. The ground for the superintendent's recommendation was that—despite her "highly satisfactory" twenty-two years of service—Miss Dushane had made a bad record in the Regents' term examination for one of her courses.

On the advice of counsel Miss Dushane accepted the sick leave, but she

has continued to fight for reinstatement and a public investigation of both her case and the conditions in Buffalo's schools. The board has persistently refused to allow the investigation. The decisions have been reached in many cases after secret, informal "discussions," although by law the board's meetings are to be public.

After Miss Dushane went on sick leave, the true facts of the case began to emerge. Through the loyalty of many of her students who volunteered information concerning the regime at East High School, the public has finally learned the full story of the religious and political pressures brought against her. As a result of these revelations the principal has also been forced to take a sick leave! In other words, the Board of Education has again found itself an "out" and refused to face the real issue squarely.

A group of local citizens, of which I have the honor to be chairman, has taken up Miss Dushane's cause, under the name of the "Buffalo Committee to Defend American Education." We believe that there are here not only questions of justice to the individual but many broad questions of importance to all who believe in democratic education. We have recently had the opportunity of presenting our case to the educational conference of the Teachers' Union of New York City and have been overwhelmed by the reception it received. We wish to fight this battle out, not only in Buffalo and New York, but all over the United States, so that no teacher will ever again be subject to the kind of intimidation, coercion, and undemocratic treatment which Miss Dushane has received. Any of your readers who are interested in helping us in the fight may write me at 71 Woodlawn Avenue, Buffalo.

BARTON BEAN, Chairman,
Buffalo Committee to

Defend American Education

Buffalo, April 22

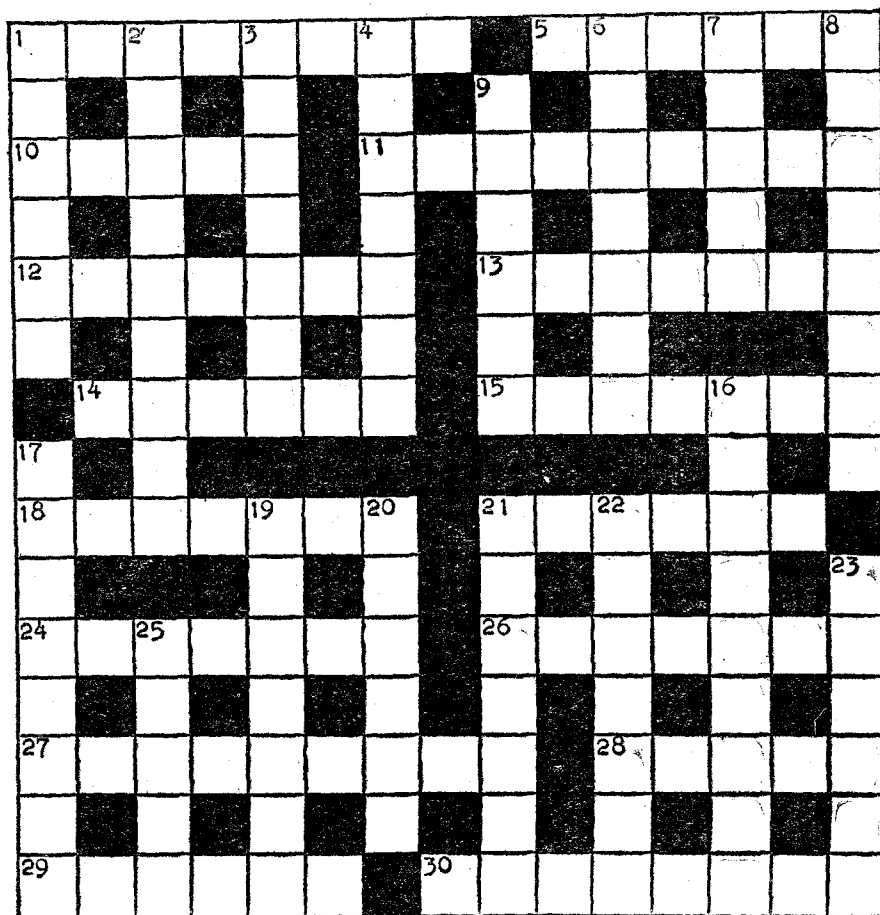
Doctors Are Only Human

Dear Sirs: You ran an "In the Wind" item on January 17 telling how an old man had died without medical attention in Santa Ana, California, despite the fact that the police had called twenty-four doctors in an attempt to get medical aid for him. The following information concerning the episode has now been made available by the Orange County, California, Medical Association, and I am sure you will be glad to print it:

1. The episode occurred at midnight.

Crossword Puzzle No. 260

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Mathematicians tables. (8)
- 5 All wrapped up in the *Post*. (6)
- 10 One needs a glass to do it. (5)
- 11 Hammett's Charles was. (9)
- 12 At this one might strike a note to cheer one up. (7)
- 13 Does a rooster part with this? (7)
- 14 Where a dome was decreed. (6)
- 15 This is also finished in Mass. (7)
- 18 Sideways, as a neck. (7)
- 21 Makes a friend attempt something picayunish. (6)
- 24 Standard operating procedure when taken with an emulsion. (7)
- 26 Where one returns to, after a cigarette. (7)
- 27 The sort is sorted here. (9)
- 28 Usually not 16. (5)
- 29 Continue a recapitulation. (6)
- 30 Why should the seed cost be petted this way? (8)

DOWN

- 1 A small company to measure coin. (6)
- 2 Johnny Reb's counterpart? (5, 4)
- 3 Swell stuff for a pudding. (7)
- 4 Our dean has a number of lines. (7)

- 6 Texas was, in 1845. (7)
- 7 Relief came to nothing here. (5)
- 8 Hen? (8)
- 9 A hundred, a hundred and one, a tree. (6)
- 16 Extremely blond, and fired at 28? (4, 5)
- 17 Bill made with the feet from here each month. (3, 5)
- 19 It's patent that this goes with a mare. (7)
- 20 So pale in the South. (2, 4)
- 21 He did more than play with blocks, somewhat abstractly. (7)
- 22 Filaments, if removed. (7)
- 23 Was Texas also this in 1845? (6) (6)
- 25 Loses a deposit. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 259

ACROSS:—1 ATTENDANCE; 6 ACME; 10 ROADMAP; 11 RAREBIT; 12 WANDERED; 13 ABNER; 15 RULER; 17 NAVIGATOR; 19 EXTRINSIC; 21 DARTS; 23 ALTER; 24 RETICULE; 27 OPEN-AIR; 28 OBELISK; 29 SO-SO; 30 CLOSED SHOP.

DOWN:—1 AWRY; 2 TRAVAIL; 3 NOMAD; 4 ASPIRANTS; 5 CURED; 7 CABINET; 8 ENTERPRISE; 9 ARRANGED; 14 FREEMASONS; 16 RAILROAD; 18 VOCATIONS; 20 TATTERS; 22 RALEIGH; 24 RURAL; 25 CREED; 26 SKIP.

2. The police refused to tell the association which doctors they had called.

3. The police admitted that they had not called any one of the three local hospitals that are prepared to give emergency out-patient service.

The doctor is not a superman but just one who has gone through a long and arduous course of training in preparation for a short arduous career. So please don't throw rocks at him unnecessarily. In this instance, if any rocks are to be thrown, you might heave a few in the direction of the Orange County, California, police, who don't seem to know what facilities are available in their own county for the emergency treatment of seriously ill people. LYON STEINE
Valley Stream, N. Y., April 14

The Natural Center

Dear Sirs: The division between the European Socialists noted by Aylmer Valance in his London letter of March 24 illustrates internationally the basic weakness that lies at the root of all the national Social Democratic parties.

These parties represent earnest attempts to effect a compromise between two irreconcilables. Composed partly of genuine liberals and partly of doctrinaire Socialists who accept the fundamentals of the Marxian dialectic, they are constantly subject to pressures from illiberal elements whose quarrel with communism is simply one of means.

The split between the Eastern and Western Socialists does not mean that the latter have purged themselves of their left-wing support. Far from being ideological, this split is severely practical; it leaves the Western parties unchanged in composition, though weakened by the additional strain it has placed on them.

In France Schuman is fighting a losing battle against the extremes. It is a losing battle because, by clinging to the traditional make-up of his party, he is alienating essential allies. Many liberals are now favoring De Gaulle simply because, while prepared to accept Schuman and his large following of moderates, they cannot stomach his left-wing associates. Yet these right-wing liberals not only have more in common with Schuman than his own left wing but are potentially far more powerful. By the sacrifice of his left wing he could win them over, and, in doing so, would himself emerge as the core of a solid center strong enough to resist the pressures of both right and left. This is the real Third Force that is needed to save France from calamity.

There is a lesson here for American liberals. The tendency toward the formation of a Social Democratic movement on the European pattern ought to be resisted. The compromise between the liberal and the Socialist will not work in the long run. It can only result in the disintegration of the center, on which all stable government depends. The fate of the Greek, Czech, and Italian Social Democratic parties, and the subsequent fortunes of these countries, ought to be sufficient proof of this. It is in an alliance between the right-wing and left-wing liberals that the American Third Force will find its natural foundation.

JOHN H. MAC CALLUM SCOTT,
Joint Honorable Secretary,
Liberal International
(World Liberal Union)
New York, April 17

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